THE

Methodist Magazine.

AUGUST, 1892.

INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.*

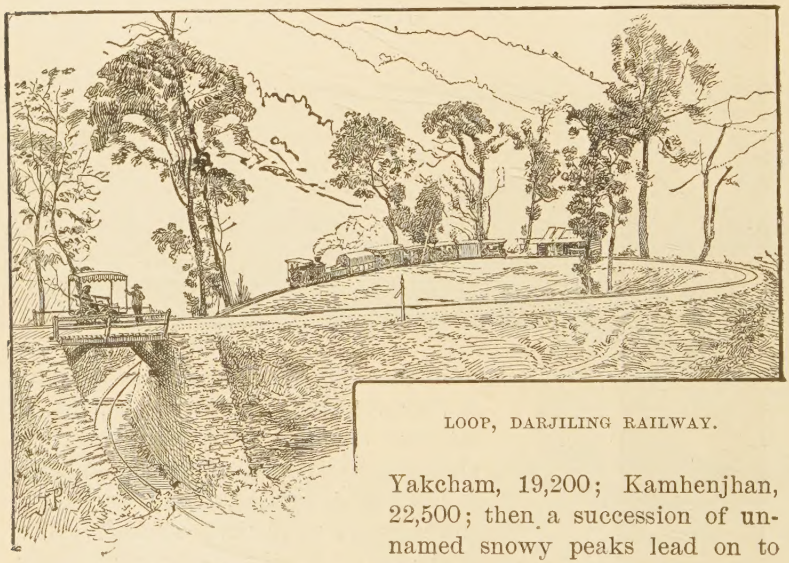
VIII.

DARJILING.—The traveller leaves Calcutta at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the thinnest clothing he possesses. Next morning he is glad of a winter's suit, and before his arrival, ulsters, fur cloaks, and rugs are more than welcome. The world cannot furnish a stranger railway journey than that from Calcutta to Darjiling. The mountain road is a two-foot gauge, on which the locomotive crawls 7,400 feet up the Himalayas at a speed of six miles an hour. The line winds in and out along the hill sides, often running along the edge of tremendous gorges and precipices, now on one side, now on the other. At one spot the line rises in a complete figure of 8, at another a hill is climbed in a series of zigzags, on which the engine is alternately at the front and rear of the train, now drawing, now pushing.

* *Picturesque India.* By W. S. Caine, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

Darjiling lives under the shadow of Kinchinjanga, in the heart of the Himalayan Range. The station is 7,200 feet above Calcutta, yet when I was there in January, 1889, roses, nasturtiums, and lupins were blooming in the garden; wild raspberries were also plentiful in the evergreen forest which surrounds the town.

No pen can give any adequate description of the stupendous magnificence of the situation and surroundings of Darjiling. Standing on Observatory Hill, the very end of the spur, looking west, the eye travels round the amphitheatre, dwelling in turn on the icy summits of Janu, 25,300 feet above the sea; Kabur, 24,000; Pandim, 22,000; Narsing, 18,200; Chomiamo, 23,300;



LOOP, DARJILING RAILWAY.

Yakcham, 19,200; Kamhenjhan, 22,500; then a succession of unnamed snowy peaks lead on to Donkhia, 23,200, and other mountains of Bhutan. These fine sonorous words are fitting names for these Himalayan giants. Between these mountains, which stretch in a chain of over 200 miles in extent, are continuous successions of snow-fields and glaciers, and in the centre of the whole range rises their glorious monarch, Kinchinjanga, whose crown of ice rears itself five clear miles above the plain of Bengal. Its flanks are great granite cliffs, rising sheer for 8,000 or 10,000 feet; above them are the vast snow-fields and glaciers, from which the granite again breaks in black stern peaks standing out against the dense blue sky. The Himalayan air is so rare and clear that every little detail of the mountain appears visible, and the whole stands out distinct. Darjiling is 7,200 feet high, and although the summit of Kinchinjanga is forty-five miles distant as the crow flies, one must positively look up into the sky to see it.

KINCHINJANGA, "THE ROOF OF THE WORLD" FROM DARJILING.

The bazaar at Darjiling is quite the most interesting and amusing in India. The noise of the bazaar at noon can be heard for miles. The old proverb, "It takes two to make a bargain," has no honour here; it never takes less than twenty, and all feel bound to shout, push, struggle, and gesticulate. The crowd numbers many thousands, and these jolly Hill-men appear to be the most good-natured people in the world, rivalling in that respect even the Japanese. Every man carries a knife that would disembowel an elephant, but no one quarrels. Every woman is loaded with silver and gold jewellery, but no one is ever robbed. Here along a sunny wall are twenty or thirty barbers, busily engaged in cutting and trimming the unkempt locks of the men, mostly Tibetan traders who have tramped across the mountains, the hair lying in heaps in front of them, horribly suggestive of gregarines and other small game. Around the corner are a lot of Bhutia women, with great crocks full of snow-white curds, the favourite dainty of the place, which they serve out to their customers in square vessels ingeniously twisted out of plantain leaves. Near them are some Lepcha lads playing shuttlecock with the soles of their feet, which they turn upwards in the nimblest fashion. Then come some stalls for tea, which is boiled up with molasses, a gruesome compound. And now an open market is entered, where perchance one is jostled by a huge giant, a Buddhist Lama, who, followed by an acolyte as dirty as himself, bellows aloud for alms. All over the market are traders, squatted on the ground in front of their wares, the most heterogeneous assortment of goods imaginable—goats, pigs, poultry, tea, tobacco, beads from Venice, grain of all sorts, sweetmeats, cards, piles of cotton and woollen goods, yaks' tails, brass Buddhas, ironmongery, pottery, old bottles, tinned meats, tape, cotton, needles, wooden spoons, oil, umbrellas, and feeding-bottles, all blent, with their vendors, in one great labyrinth of yelling confusion.

A noble sight, indeed, are the well-to-do Bhutia women who have come in to market. They average five feet six inches in height, and broad in proportion, with great good-humoured faces, beaming like the rising sun through the brown varnish with which they paint themselves. Each has a great circlet round her head, formed of large beads of coral and torquoise, set alternately on a frame, the red and blue telling strongly against the mass of black hair. From their ears dangle enormous gold earrings, four or five inches long, pulling down the lobes of their ears. Four necklaces of amber, agate, coral, or big coarse torquoises, are the smallest number they can wear with any self-respect, and round their waist—well, where it ought to be—is a massive silver girdle with hanging ornaments, like a chatelaine.

Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is not visible from Darjiling, but it may be seen in very fine clear weather from Tiger Hill, an excursion of six miles on ponies or in chairs. The

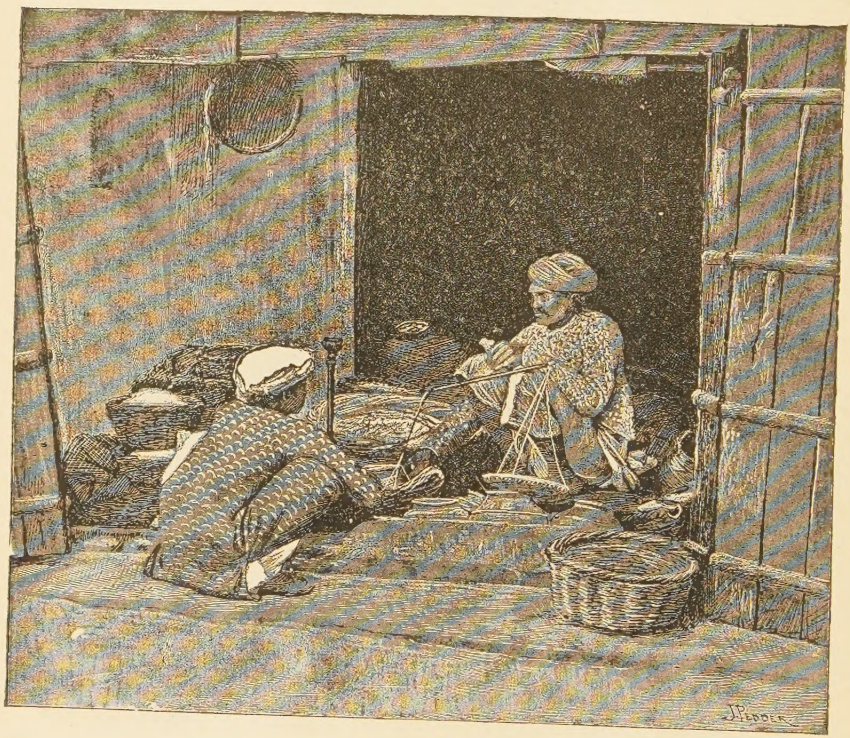
A BHUTIA WOMAN.

views at sunset from Tiger Hill are wonderfully beautiful, and, if the visit can be timed for the full moon, the effect of the mingled light just after sundown upon the snows and glaciers of the Kinchinjanga range will never be forgotten.

Like so many other places in India, Allahabad is built on the

departed greatness of previous cities, and has, as may be expected from the spot where the Jumna is absorbed by mother Ganges, a very ancient history.

The Mela, or religious fair, is a great city of grass and reeds, the pilgrims living in rude, hastily constructed huts of wattles. The main street, a mile long, is taken up with booths, tents, and preaching platforms; Brahmans, hawkers, palanquins, missionaries, fakirs, beggars, six-legged cows, anti-cow-killing preachers,

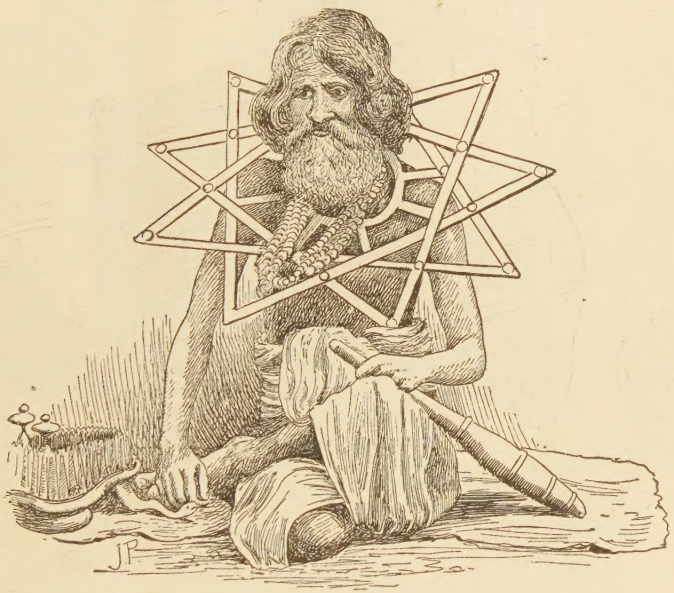


BANIYA'S SHOP, ALLAHABAD.

country carts, pilgrims, priests, musicians, devotees and scoffers, jostling along in one vast, noisy stream. On a little platform may be seen some horrible dwarf, who has the faculty of twisting all his joints about under his skin, till his arms and legs look like bags of eels; a dusty ringletted fakir, who has been standing for fifteen years, who has gone to sleep in the midst of the Babel, leaning on a board slung from a tripod of bamboos; another of his fraternity lies on his face in the dust, in yelling contortions; a dirty ragged ascetic, who has crawled across India on his hands

and knees, and another who has come down out of the Punjab, measuring his full length on the ground every three steps; another has not spoken to a soul for twenty years, and sits in still contemplation on a heap of ashes; yet another has his arms in the air, withered and rigid by long continuance. All are in rags, some are clad only in long, matted hair and ashes, and all are held in profound veneration by the people, who give them rice, grain, fruit, and small coins, which they accept with stony indifference.

On the three great days of the feast there are upwards of a million people congregated at this Mela, the main feature of at-

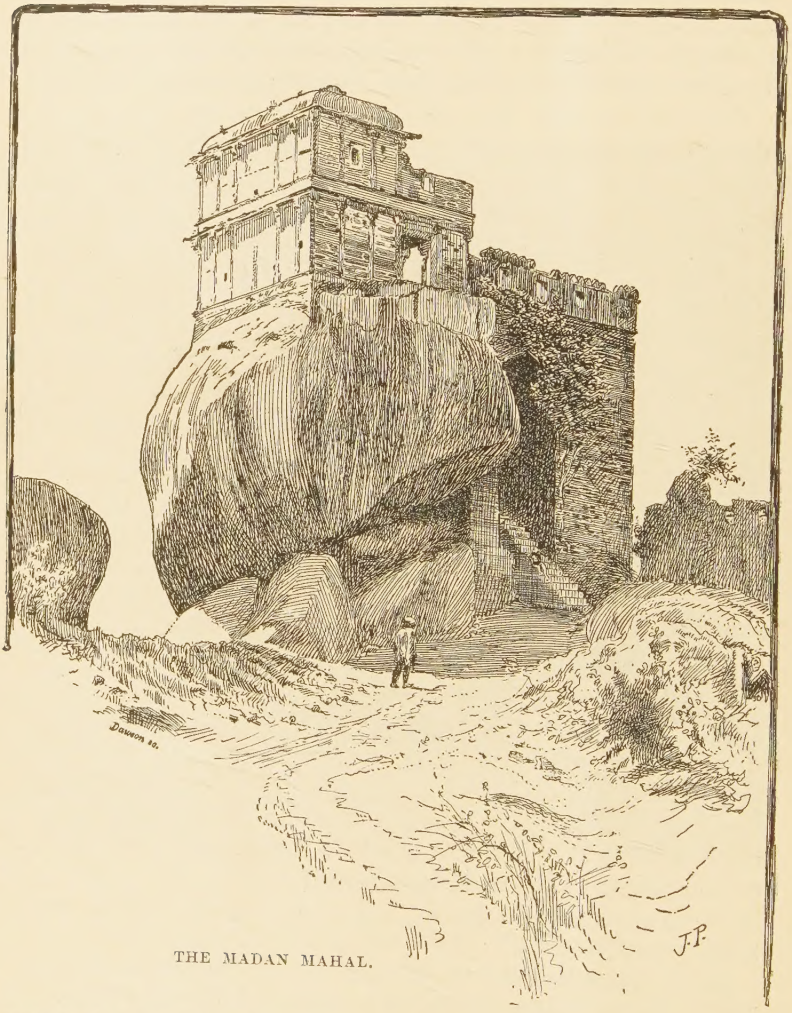


A FAKIR.

traction being the procession of all the fakirs, some three hundred in number, down the main street to bathe in the river; they only go in up to their knees and do not wash all over, as they are too holy to need that.

About six miles out of Jabalpur, a road turns off through a lovely wooded valley, strewn with huge boulders, leading to the Madan Mahal, an ancient Gond castle, perched on the summit of a hill about six hundred feet above the plain. This hill is curiously formed of enormous granite boulders, piled one on the top of the other; great bolster-shaped masses, many of which are seventy or eighty feet long. The hill is crowned with one huge boulder, the top of which has been levelled to form the floor of the

Madan Mahal, built some four hundred or five hundred years ago by a Gond Raja for his favourite wife, who wished to dwell always in sight of the sacred Narbada, which may be seen in the plain below, winding like a blue ribbon among the trees. It is a

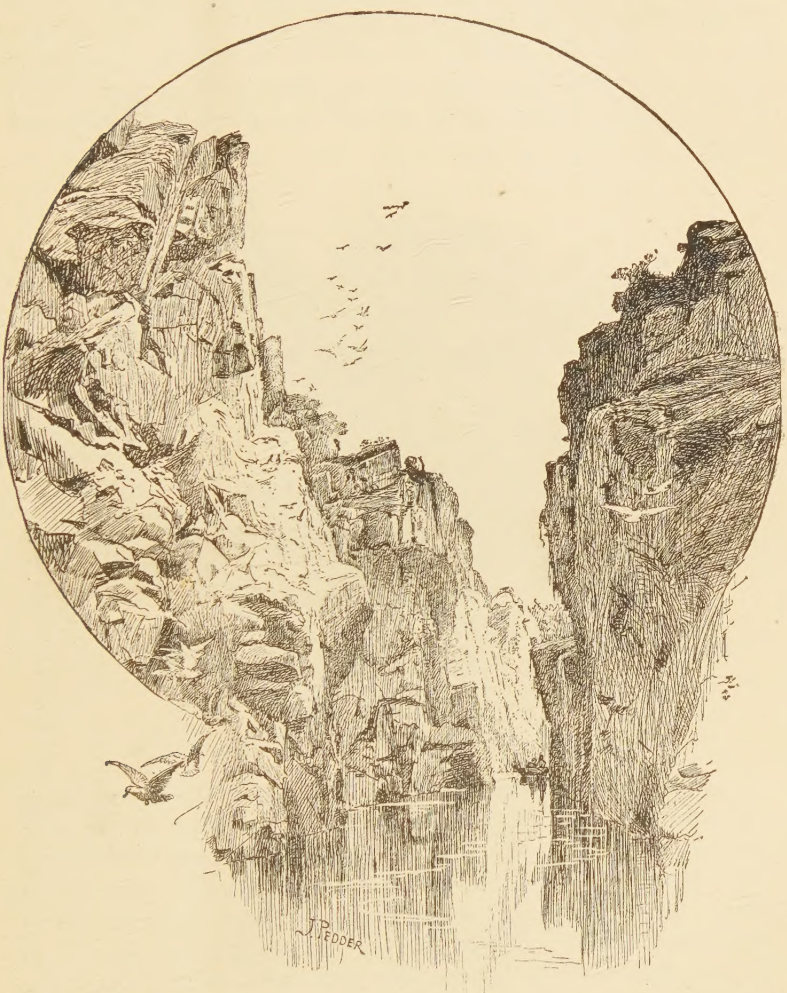


THE MADAN MAHAL.

well preserved ruin, interesting alike as a singular curiosity in Hindu architecture and for the superb view which it commands of the surrounding country. At the "Marble Rocks" the scenery is wonderfully beautiful by moonlight.

The bungalow is perched on the very edge of a precipitous rock, about one hundred feet above the water, the verandah com-

manding a lovely view of the gorge itself, and the wooded banks of the river as it flows tranquilly away into the plains of Central India. The river is blue, clear and transparent, and is as deep as the cliffs are high. These rise sheer from the water's edge, pure



THE MARBLE ROCKS, JABALPUR.

marble and basalt; now dazzling white against the deep blue sky, now creamy, yellow, red, or black veined with green.

On every coign, pigeons and parrots perch and flutter, alligators bask on rocks jutting out of the water, and monkeys chase each other in leaps from point to point. The narrowest part is

called the "monkey's leap," and often these creatures may be seen clearing the river at a bound, 100 feet above.

Patna is a typical Bengal city. The only building of unique interest is the old Government granary, a high dome-shaped building, 430 feet in circumference round the base, with walls 21 feet thick, and an interior diameter of 110 feet. It is ninety feet high, with two winding staircases on the outside, reaching to the top, at which it was intended the grain should be poured into the building, to be extracted from the small doors which surround the base.

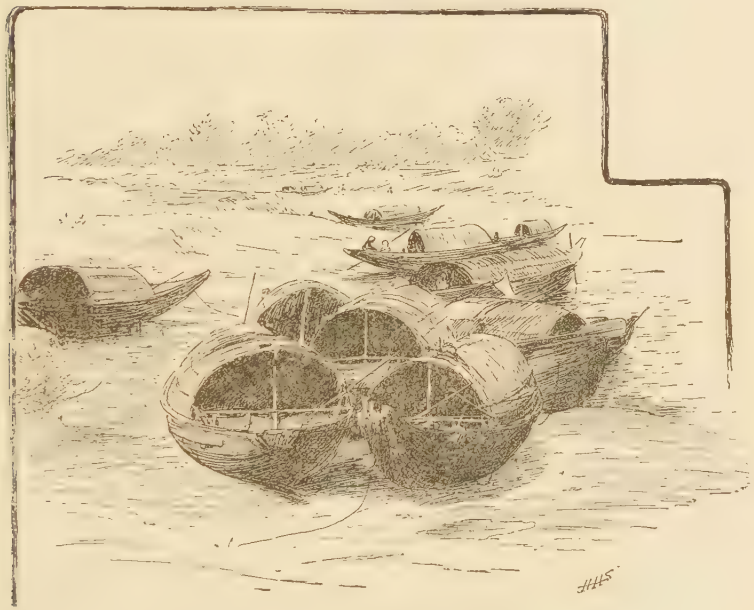
KALI GHAT, CALCUTTA.

A swaggering Nepalese once rode his horse to the top, which is a platform ten feet wide, from which a fine view of the city may be obtained. On entering the building, the most bewildering echoes prevail, the foot-fall on the floor sounds like a trampling army; of a single note of music, sharply uttered, I counted thirty-two distinct echoes. A peal of laughter is repeated high up in the roof, deep down under the floor, and from every stone in the circular walls. A blow struck on an empty wooden case becomes at once a prolonged peal of thunder. It extinguishes St. Paul's as a whispering gallery, for the faintest murmur at one end is heard quite distinctly at the other.

Every Englishman in Bengal, civil or military, who can manage it, gets into Calcutta for Christmas and the New Year. Calcutta takes its name from the ancient shrine of the goddess Kali, which

has been a place of pilgrimage from very remote times. It receives the traffic of the two mightiest rivers of India, the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, as well as that of two great railway systems, the East Indian and the Eastern Bengal. It is the seat of the Government of India for more than half the year. Its population in the census of 1881 was 685,000, of which sixty-two per cent. are Hindu, thirty-two per cent. Mussulman, and four and a half per cent. Christian.

It is just 200 years since the East India Company first established its factory here. Calcutta is now a brand-new European city, with fashionable drives, parks, band-stands, a Rotten Row, modern shops, a cathedral and Nonconformist chapels.



GROUP OF BOATS, CALCUTTA.

"Labourers wanted"—The ripening grain
Waits to welcome the reaper's cry;
The Lord of the harvest calls again,
Who among us shall first reply,
Who is wanted, Lord? Is it I?

The Master calls; but the servants wait;
Fields gleam white 'neath a cloudless sky,
Will none seize sickle before too late,
Ere the winter's winds come sweeping by,
Who is delaying? Is it I?

—S. J. M.

THE MATTERHORN, SEEN FROM THE RIFFELALP HOTEL.—*See page* 124.

THE MONTE ROSA AND THE MATTERHORN.*

BY BISHOP WARREN.

The Alps are a great object of interest to all Europe. I have now before me a catalogue of 1,478 works on the Alps for sale by one bookseller. It seems incredible. In this list is over a dozen volumes describing different ascents of a single mountain, and that not the most difficult. There are publications of learned societies on geology, entomology, paleontology, botany, and one volume of "Philosophical and Religious Walks about Mont Blanc." Our own Dr. Cheever won some of his first and best laurels by his account of a "Pilgrim in the Shadows of the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc." The geology of the Alps is a most perplexing problem. The summit of the Jungfrau, for example, consists of gneiss granite; but two masses of Jura limestone have been thrust into it, and their ends folded over.

It is the habit of the Germans, especially, to send all students into the Alps with a case for flowers, a net for butterflies, and a box for bugs. Every rod is a school-house. They speak of the "snow mountains" with ardent affection. Every Englishman, having no mountains at home, speaks and feels as if he owned the Alps. He, however, cares less for their flowers, bugs and butterflies, than for their qualities as a gymnasium and a measure of his physical ability. The name of every mountain or pass he has climbed is duly burnt into his Alpine stock, and the said stock, well burnt over, is his pride in travel and a grand testimonial of his ability at home.

This general interest in the Alps is a testimony to man's admiration of the grandest work of God, and to his continued devotion to physical hardihood in the midst of the enervating influence of civilization. There is one place in the world devoted by divine decree to pure air. You are obliged to use it. Toiling up these steeps the breathing quickens fourfold, till every particle of the blood has been bathed again and again in the perfect air. Tyndall

*We have pleasure in presenting, through the courtesy of Bishop Warren, his account of his adventures on the Monte Rosa and Matterhorn. The Bishop writes as follows: "I am glad you are to put into The Methodist Magazine somewhat to fire our youth with a zeal for feats of strength. England has achieved India by the sports of Rugby; and Germany owes to Friedrich Ludwig Jahn its success at Sedan and Paris. Editors have a great responsibility, both for developing a taste for reading and then feeding it."

records that he once staggered out of the murks and disease of London, fearing that his life-work was done. He crawled out of the hotel on the Bell Alp, and feeling new life, breasted the mountain, hour after hour, till every acrid humour had oozed away, and every part of his body had become so renewed that he was well from that time. In such a sanitarium, school of every department of knowledge, training-place for hardihood, and monument of God's grandest work, man does well to be interested.

ALPINE TOURISTS.

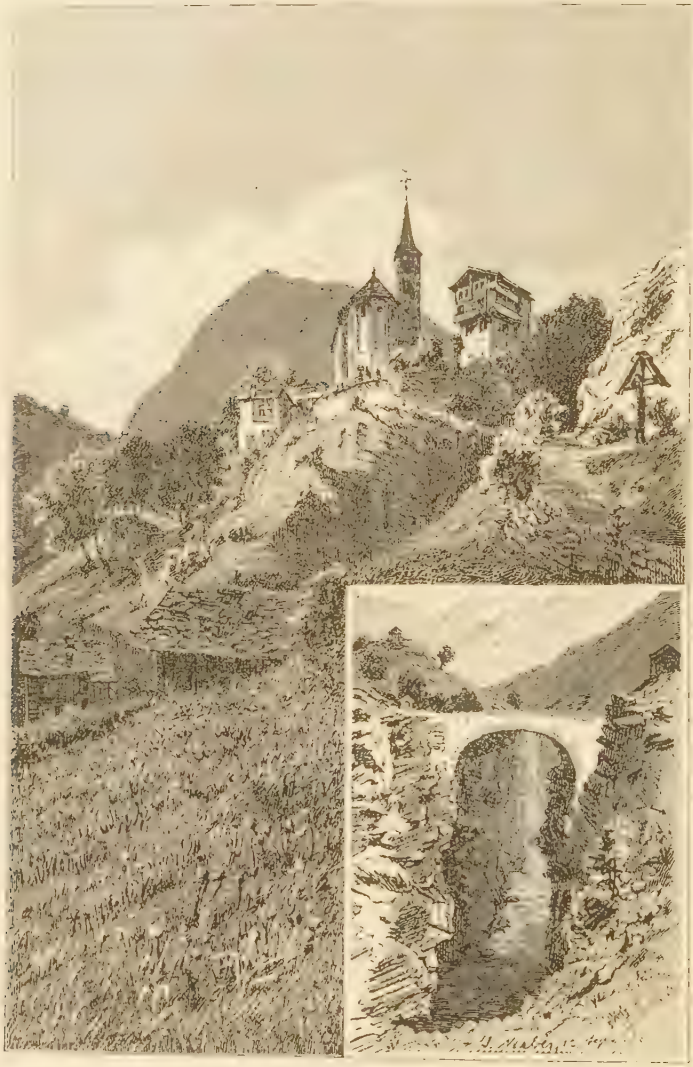
You want to ascend these mountains. Come to Zermatt. With a wand ten miles long you can touch twenty snow-peaks. Europe has but one higher. Twenty glaciers cling to the mountain sides, and send their torrents into the little green valley. Try yourself on Monte Rosa, more difficult to ascend than Mont Blanc; try the Matterhorn, vastly more difficult than either or both. You first have your feet shod with a preparation of nearly one hundred

hobnails driven into heels and soles. In the afternoon you go up 3,116 feet to the Riffelhouse. It is equal to going up 300 flights of stairs of ten feet each; that is, you go up 300 storeys of your house, only there are no stairs, and the path is on the outside of the house. This takes three hours—an hour to each hundred storeys. After the custom of the hotels of this country, you find that you have reached the first floor. The next day you go up and down the Görner Grat, equal to 170 more storeys, for practice and a view unequalled in Europe. Ordering the guide to be ready, and the porter to call you at one o'clock, you lie down to dream of the glorious revelations of the morrow.

The porter's rap came unexpectedly soon, and in response to the question, "What is the weather?" he said, "Not utterly bad." There was plenty of starlight; there had been through the night plenty of live thunder leaping among the rattling crags, some of it very interestingly near. We rose; there were three parties ready to make the ascent. The lightnings still glimmered behind the Matterhorn and Weisshorn, and the sound of the tumbling cataracts was ominously distinct. Was the storm over? The guides would give no opinion. It was their interest to go, it was ours to go only in good weather. By three o'clock I noticed that the pointer on the aneroid barometer, that instrument that has a kind of spiritual fineness of feeling, had moved a tenth of an inch upward. I gave the order to start. The other parties said, "Good for your pluck; *bon voyage, gute reise,*" and went to bed. In an hour we had ascended 1,000 feet and down again to the glacier. The sky was brilliant. Hopes were high. The glacier, with its vast medial moraines, containing rocks from twenty to fifty feet long, was crossed in the dawn. The sun rose clear, touching the snow-peaks with glory, and we shouted victory. But in a moment the sun was clouded, and so were we. Soon it came out again, and continued so. But the guide said, "Only the good God knows if we shall have clear weather." I thought of the aneroid, and felt that the good God had confided His knowledge to one of His servants.

Leaving the glacier, we came to the real mountain. Six hours and a half will put one on the top, but he ought to take eight. I have no fondness for men who come to the Alps to see how quickly they can do the ascents. They simply proclaim that their object is not to see and enjoy, but to boast. We go up the lateral moraine, a huge ridge fifty feet high, with rocks ten feet square in it turned by the mighty plough of ice below. We scramble up the rocks of the mountain. Hour after hour we toil upward. At length we come to the snow-slopes, and are all four roped together.

There are great crevasses, fifty or a hundred feet deep, with slight bridges of snow over them. If a man drops in, the rest must pull him out. Being heavier than any other man of the party, I



VILLAGE OF STALDEN AND BRIDGE OVER THE KINN.

thrust a leg through one bridge, but I had just fixed my ice axe in the firm abutment, and was saved the inconvenience and delay of dangling by a rope in a chasm. The beauty of these cold blue ice vaults cannot be described. We passed one place where vast

masses of ice had rolled down from above, and we saw how a breath might start a new avalanche. We were up in nature's grandest workshops.

How the view widened! How the fleeting cloud and sunshine heightened the effect in the valley below! The glorious air made us know what the man meant who every morning thanked God that he was *alive*.

Here we learned the use of a guide. Having carefully chosen him by testimony of persons having experience, we were to follow him; not only generally, but step by step. Put each foot in his track. He had trodden the snow to firmness. But being heavier than he, it often gave way under my pressure. One such slump and recovery takes more strength than ten regular steps. Not so in following the Guide to the fairer and greater heights of the next world. He who carried this world and its heavy burden of sin on His heart trod the quicksands of time into such firmness that no man walking in His steps, however great his sins, ever breaks down the track. And just so in that upward way, one fall and recovery takes more strength than ten rising steps.

STOREHOUSES.

Meanwhile what of the weather? Uncertainty. Avalanches thundered from the Breithorn and Lyskamm, telling of a penetrative moisture in the air. The Matterhorn refused to take in its signal flags of storm. Still the sun shone clear. We had put in six of the eight hours' work of ascent when snow began to fall. Soon it was too thick to see far. We came to a chasm that looked vast in the deception of the storm. It was only twenty feet wide. Getting round this the storm deepened till we could scarcely see one another. There was no mountain, no sky. We halted of necessity. The guide said, "Go back." I said, "Wait." We waited in wind, hail, and snow till all vestige of the track by which we had come—our only guide back if the storm continued—was lost, except the holes made by the Alpine stocks. The snow drifted over, and did not so quickly fill these. Not knowing but that the storm might last two days, as frequently the case, I re-

luctantly gave the order to go down. In an hour we got below the storm. In another hour the whole sky was perfectly clear. O that I had kept my faith in my aneroid! Had I held to the faith that started me in the morning, endured the storm, not wavered at suggestions of peril, defied apparent knowledge of local guides, and then surmounted the difficulty of the new-fallen snow, I should have been favoured with such a view as is not enjoyed once in ten years; for men cannot go up all the way in storm, nor soon enough after to get all the benefit of the cleared air. Better things were prepared for me than I knew; indications of them offered to my faith; they were firmly grasped and held almost long enough for realization, and then let go in an hour of darkness and storm.

I reached the Riffelhouse after eleven hours' struggle with rocks and softened snow, and said to the guide, "To-morrow I start for the Matterhorn." To do this we go down the 300 storeys to Zermatt.

Every mountain excursion I ever made has been in the highest degree profitable. Even this one, though robbed of its hoped-for culmination, has been one of the richest I have ever enjoyed.

The Matterhorn is peculiar. I do not know of a mountain like it on the earth. There are such splintered and precipitous spires on the moon. It is approximately a three-sided mountain, 14,718 feet high, whose sides are so steep as to be unassailable. Approach can be made only along the angle at the junction of the planes. It was long supposed to be inaccessible. Assault after assault was made upon it by the best and most ambitious Alp climbers, but it kept its virgin height untrodden. However, in 1864, seven men, almost unexpectedly, achieved the victory. But in descending four of them were precipitated down an almost perpendicular declivity 4,000 feet. This gave the mountain a dangerous reputation. An occasional death on it since has added to that reputation. But each of these unfortunate occurrences is clearly attributable to personal perversity or deficiency. Peril depends more on the man than on circumstances. One is in danger on a wall twenty feet high, another safe on a precipice of a thousand feet. No man has a right to peril his life in mere mountain climbing; that great sacrifice must be reserved for saving others, or for establishing moral principle.

The morning after coming from Monte Rosa, myself and son left Zermatt at 7.30 for the top of the Matterhorn, twelve hours distant, under the guidance of Peter Knubel, his brother, and Peter Truffer, three of the best guides for this work in the country. In an hour the dwellings of the mountain-loving people are left

CHAMOIS HUNTING.

behind, the tree limit is passed soon after, the grass cheers us for three hours, when we enter on the wide desolation of the moraines. Here is a little chapel. I entered it as reverently and prayed as earnestly for God's will, not mine, to be done, as I ever did in

my life, and I am confident that amid the unutterable grandeur that succeeded I felt His presence and help as full as at any other time.

At 1.50 we were roped together and feeling our way carefully in the cut steps on a glacier, so steep that standing erect one could put his hand upon it. We were on this nearly an hour. Just as we left it for the rocks a great noise above, and a little to the south, attracted attention. A vast mass of stone had detached itself from the overhanging cliff at the top, and falling on the steep slope had broken into a hundred pieces. These went bounding down the side in long leaps. Wherever one struck, a cloud of powdered stone leaped into the air, till the whole mountain side smoked and thundered with the grand cannonade. The omen augured to me that the mountain was going to do its best for our reception and entertainment. Fortunately these rock avalanches occur on the steep, unapproachable sides, and not at the angle where men climb.

How the mountain grew upon us as we clung to its sides! When the great objects below had changed to littleness, the heights above seemed greater than ever. At 4.30 we came to a perpendicular height of twenty feet, with a slight slope above. Down this precipice hung a rope; there was also an occasional projection of an inch or two of stone for the mailed foot. At the top, on a little shelf, under hundreds of feet of overhanging rock, some stones had been built round and over a little space for passing the night. The rude cabin occupied all the width of the shelf, so that passing to its other end there was not room to walk without holding on by one's hands in the crevices of the wall. We were now at home; had taken nine hours to do what could be done in eight. What an eyrie in which to sleep! Below us was a sheer descent of about two thousand feet to the glacier. Above us towered the crest of the mountain, seemingly higher than ever. The sharp shadow of the lofty pyramid lengthened toward Monte Rosa. Italy lifted up its mountains tipped with sunshine to cheer us. The Obernese Alps, beyond the Rhone, answered with numerous torches to light us to our sleep.

According to pre-arrangement, at eight o'clock we kindled a light on our crag to tell the people in Zermatt that we had accomplished the first stage of our journey. They answered instantly with a cheery blaze, and we laid down to sleep. When four of us lay together I was so crowded against the wall, that I thought, if it should give way, I could fall 2,000 feet out of bed without possibility of stopping on the way. The ice was two feet thick on the floor, and, by reason of the scarcity of bedding

I was reminded of the damp, chilly sheets of some unaired guest-chambers. I do not think I slept a moment, but I passed the

THE BRIDGE "NEUBRUCKE" IN VISP-VALLEY.

night in a most happy, thoughtful, and exultant frame of mind. At 3.30 we were roped together—fifteen feet of rope between

each two men—for the final three or four hours' work. It is everywhere steep; it is every minute hands and feet on the rocks; sometimes you cling with fingers, elbows, knees, and feet, and are tempted to add the nose and chin. Where it is least steep the guide's heels are right in your face; when it is precipitous you only see a line of rope before you. We make the final pause an hour before the top. Here every weight and the fear that so easily besets one must be laid aside. No part of the way had seemed so difficult, not even that just passed, when we rounded a shoulder on the snow on the verge of a precipice 4,000 feet high.

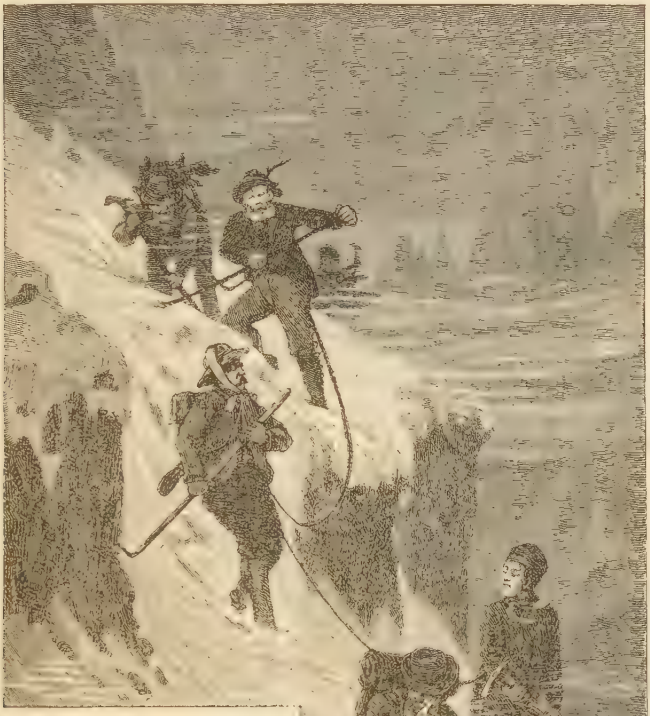
The rocks become smoother and steeper, if possible. A chain or rope trails from above in four places. You have good hope that it is well secured, and wish you were lighter as you go up hand over hand. Then a beautiful slope for hands, knees and feet for half an hour, and the top is reached at 6.30.

The view is sublime. Moses on Pisgah could have had no such vision. He had knowledge of the future grandeur of his people added. But here such a revelation as this tells what God can do for His people hereafter, that that element of Moses' enjoyment can be perceived, if not fully appreciated. All the well-known mountains stand up like friends to cheer us. Mont Blanc has the smile of the morning sun to greet us withal; Monte Rosa chides us for not partaking of her prepared visions. The kingdoms of the world—France, Switzerland, Italy—are at our feet. I see the valley winding toward Chatillon, down which the Rev. Wm. V. Kelley and I walked eight years ago. This very mountain kept lifting its snowy head over the lesser hills, and cheering us by the sight again and again long after we supposed we had seen it for the last time. To the remark, "The larger a thing is, the harder to get away from it," he added this jewel of thought and speech, "Yes, and when it gets to be infinite, we never get away from it."

But we must descend, though it is good to be here. It is even more difficult and tedious than the ascent. *Non facilis descensus.* With your face to the mountain you have only the present surface and the effort for that instant. But when you can turn your back on the mountain the imminent danger appears. It is not merely ahead, but the sides are much more dangerous. On the way down we had some more cannonades. In six hours we were off the cliffs, and by 3.30 we had let ourselves down inch by inch to Zermatt, a distance of 9,400 feet.

Looking up to the Matterhorn this next morning after the climb, I feel for it a personal affection. It has put more pictures of grandeur into my being than ever before. It is grand enough

to bear acquaintance. People who view it from a distance must be strangers. It has been, and ever will be, a great example



CLIMBING THE MATTERHORN.

and lofty monument of my Father's power. He taketh up the isles as a very little thing; He toucheth the mountains and they smoke. The strength of the hills is His also; and He has made all things for His children, and waits to do greater things than these.

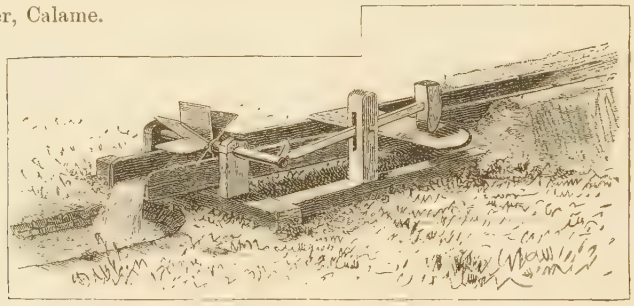
P.S.—If any one ask me if he had better go up the Matterhorn, the catechism before answering will be severe, for example: Have you an absorbing rapturous love for God, seen in His works of greatness?

GUIDES AND TOURISTS.

Do you know enough of geology to go intelligently? Have you the muscular ability to do the work? To break down on the mountain is almost as fatal as to fall down; never for one instant must a muscle fail to be equal to its best. Is your head as steady and nerve as firm when jumping one foot into the place of the other on a little projection one hundred feet in air as in doing it on your parlour floor? If you can truly say, "All this I steadfastly believe," go up to the grandest revelation of its kind this world has to show.

NOTE.—Some aspects of the picturesque valley of Zermatt, illustrated in our engravings, are thus described by Dr. F. O. Wolf. The arched bridges leaping over the rapid streams, and the wooden houses clinging to the mountain sides, as shown in cut on page 127, are very characteristic features.

On an eminence of some height stands the picturesque village of Stalden, shown on page 122, whose charms were sufficient to inspire the pencil of the talented Swiss landscape painter, Calame.



"WEIR-WATCHER."

Very noticeable in all the mountain villages are the buildings in which provisions are stored. They are usually supported by wooden posts, crowned by large round slabs of stone, upon which the beams rest. This renders the storehouse secure against mice. There is no flight of steps leading to the single door of the storehouse; it can only be reached by means of a ladder. The under part is often fitted up as a cattle stall, and generally the site selected is a protruding rock or some other spot incapable of cultivation. (See page 123).

As a consequence of the numerous hardships to which they are subject, the inhabitants of the valley are plain in their manners and of very earnest temperament. Labour and devotion are, so to say, their only occupations. Gaiety and dissipation of any kind are unknown. The joys of the women are centred in their children, and their husbands' pride lies in keeping the table well supplied. Hunting is the only amusement to which the peasant of Saas is passionately addicted; in pursuit of the chamois he is heedless of obstacles and dangers, and regards neither law nor boundary; he fears neither glacier-clefts nor precipices, and sets at nought both the Swiss and over-severe Italian hunting laws. When the season for chamois hunting begins, no power on earth can keep him at home.

On our way we may have noticed a peculiar sound, recurring at short intervals, and apparently caused by smart blows with a hammer upon some hollow body. The origin of this sound now becomes evident to us. Beyond the most dangerous part of the conduit—beyond the territory exposed to frequent earth-slides—stands a so-called "weir-watcher." A small waterwheel sets in motion one or two hammers, which strikes upon a flat piece of wood forming a primitive sounding-board. As long as the usual quantity of water is flowing through the conduit, the hammer works, and indicates to all who are within hearing distance that the conduit is in good order.

"GRACE TO YOU AND PEACE."

REV. R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

Gal. i: 3. *Χάρις ὑμῖν καὶ εἰρήνη.* "The Oriental and Occidental forms of salutation are thus blended and spiritualized in the Christian greeting."—Ellicott's Commentary.

I.

Man of God! great-hearted, standing
Midway down the centuries,
With Thine eye of light commanding
Ancient continents and seas—

All the Jews' ecstatic vision,
Peaceful dreams of spirits free,
Attic keenness, Rome's decision,
Blended into one in Thee.

Not "salaam" of the Oriental,
Not the "hail" of Zenophon,
But a greeting sacramental
Meets the Man of Macedon.

Greater than Colossus striding
Over separating seas;
In the common heart confiding,
In the Gospel mysteries.

Thou the apocalyptic angel,
Through Galatia, Spain and Greece,
Fliest with the glad evangel,
"Grace be unto you and peace."

Smithville, Ont.

II.

Son of God! the larger hearted,
Clearer visioned, infinite,
All earth's tribes unknown disparted,
One forever in Thy sight.

Thou to-day art swiftly meeting,
In the Gospel's world-wide call,
With a broader, grander greeting
Than e'er fell from lips of Paul.

'Tis the Triune God's "Good-morning,"
To a long-benighted earth;
Which hath heard but words of scorning,
Bitterness and idle mirth.

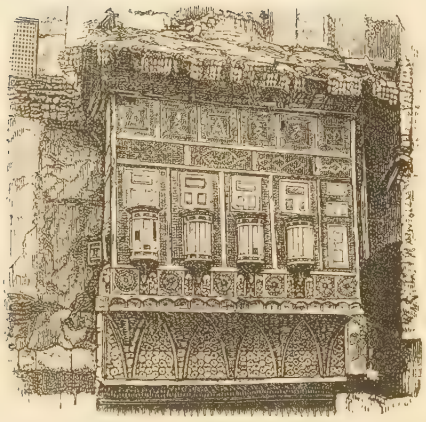
Eye of God, no sin can dim it,
Flash Thy peace on earth's unrest;
Heart of God, without a limit,
Knowing neither east nor west.

All the morning nations gather,
Fold in Thy God-man embrace,
Universal, age-long Father,
Breathe on each the peace, the grace.

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.



LATTICE WINDOW, CAIRO.

It was with feelings of intense interest that I stood on the deck of the Austrian Lloyd steamship *Thalia* in the early morning of March 1st, 1892, and watched the low sandy shores of Africa come into view. It was with an almost startling suddenness that the long line of coast, fringed with palms and studded with windmills, snowy minarets, mosques and palaces, rose like an exhalation from the deep. The injury inflicted by the terrific bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet a few years ago has been completely repaired, and before us stretched the fortifications, quays and warehouses, and to the left the stately palace of Ras-et-Tin. As we drew nearer, our steamship threaded its way through a crowd of shipping, from which floated the ensigns of almost every maritime power. Conspicuous among the many ships were the huge ironclads of the Egyptian navy, with their sharp rams, torpedo netting, and heavy guns.

Like actors in some dramatic pageant were the figures that stalked up and down upon the quay, in snowy turbans or red fezes, and in long blue or white dresses, slow, stately and dignified. No sooner had we touched the dock than the decks were swarming

Note.—While sailing up the Nile, I carefully prepared a paper giving, while fresh in my mind, my first impressions of Egypt, which I subsequently revised and mailed at Constantinople. That paper, however, never reached its destination. I suppose it came into the hands of the Turkish Censor and fell under his displeasure on account of its criticism of Turkish rule in Egypt. The present paper, prepared under pressure of time, will therefore lack the vividness of the first-hand impressions recorded at the time.—Ed.

with a vociferating mob of Arabs, who seized every piece of baggage on which they could lay hands, and urged, with yelling voices and frenzied gestures, the merits of the respective hotels which they represented. We guarded well, however, our effects, while I made a bargain for a drive through the town. The much-dreaded customs examination was a very perfunctory affair and was much expedited by the payment of a judicious fee—our first experience of the ever-recurring and never-ending demand for backsheesh.

STREET IN CAIRO.

It will here be in order to describe the *personnel* of our tourist party, who made together the journey through Egypt, Palestine and Syria.

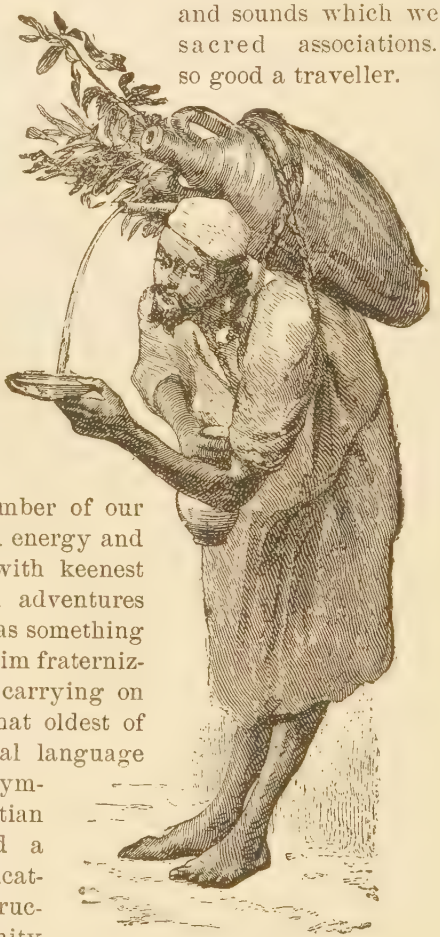
Imprimis, there was "the Judge;" Judge Carman, of Cornwall, Ontario, brother of the Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada. The Judge was a man of large and varied experience of men and things; a man who had read much, observed much, and possessed a keen insight into human nature. He was a bit of a wag in his way, and was disposed to make merry over the small trains and small engines of English railways as compared with the ponderous locomotives and huge trains of our Canadian roads. Whenever the engine uttered its shrill, high-pitched shriek, he would exclaim: "There, they have run over another mouse." Nevertheless, these toy engines took us to London in shorter time than we ever travelled the same distance in Canada.

Second, or I should have said, first, was the worthy wife of the excellent Judge, a lady highly accomplished, an excellent lin-

guist, a good amateur botanist, and an enthusiastic student of Egyptian and Biblical archæology. The only lady in our party, she will be sufficiently indicated in these notes by the title of "Madame." Her presence procured for us many courtesies and attentions which we would otherwise have failed to receive. On land Madame was the best traveller I ever knew, never weary, or never confessing it, full of enthusiasm for the many interesting sights and sounds which we encountered, and their sacred associations. At sea—well, she was not so good a traveller.

Next was the Rev. S. G. Rorke, an esteemed minister of the Bay of Quinte Conference, a man of shrewd observation, saturated with Scriptural knowledge, quick to discern and note the many Biblical suggestions and associations of these sacred scenes.

The Rev. F. A. Read, of the Montreal Conference, was the youngest member of our party, a man full of life and energy and enthusiasm. He entered with keenest zest into the many varied adventures which we met with. It was something worth remembering to see him fraternizing with the natives, and carrying on an active conversation in that oldest of all languages—the universal language of signs. A man of warm sympathies and full of Christian philanthropy, he possessed a wonderful tact in communicating moral and religious instruction to many as the opportunity offered.



WATER-SELLER.

In Palestine we were joined by Rev. M. W. Satterfield, a shrewd, keen, wide-awake example of Chicago enterprise and energy; a man who would see more in a shorter time—and see it well—than most men I have met.

The writer of these notes is already sufficiently well known to his readers to need further reference.

We had hurried across Europe rapidly in order to catch the steamer at Brindisi for Alexandria. We reached Liverpool on February 24th, and in an hour were on our way to London, and left the same night for Paris. After three hours in Paris we took train for Lyons, enjoying a magnificent ride down the Rhone Valley, where the whole country was already bursting into bloom. A few hours' stay in the busy city of silk gave an opportunity to take in the magnificent view of the valleys of the Rhone and Saone, and the remains of the old Roman structures, with their stirring memories of the martyrs of Lyons.

HAREM WINDOW.

We gave half a day to the quaint old city of Avignon, still retaining its mediæval walls. We visited the palace of the Popes, where for seventy years the papacy, driven from Rome, found refuge. And a grim old palace it was, with its council halls, its Inquisition chambers, its gloomy and blood-stained dungeons. Of softer memory are the souvenirs of Petrarch and Laura, and the lovely Fountain of Vaucluse. We stayed over a train at Arles to see the old Roman amphitheatre—one of the most perfect in existence—and the Roman theatre, the Church of St. Trophimus the martyr, and other features of exceeding interest. A day was

given to the busy city of Marseilles, one of whose most impressive sights is the majestic new Byzantine Cathedral. As it was not yet consecrated, though nearly completed, we had an opportunity to sing beneath its resounding vaults, which possessed a

COFFEE STALL, CAIRO.

sweet and wonderful echo, some rousing Methodist hymns, which are not likely to be repeated in the history of that building. We happened to be at Nice on the last day of the Carnival, and witnessed the beautiful and interesting spectacle of the "Battle of Flowers." A few hours at Genoa, at busy Rome and Naples,

sufficed to revive the memories of a former visit to these places. A three days' sail on the storied Mediterranean recalled the thousand stirring memories of the many fleets of many nations which had sailed its waters in years forever flown—memories of Jason and the Argonauts, of the Phœnicians and the ships of Tarshish, of Solomon and his fleets, of Hannibal and the Carthaginians, and of the journeys of St. Paul and Barnabas, of Salamis, of Actium,

ENTRANCE TO BATH, CAIRO.

of Lepanto, of Aboukir, of Navarino, and of the many stirring events which have made famous forever these purple waves. No one would believe that water could be of so deep a hue. I was continually reminded of Homer's expressions—the "violet-coloured," the "iodine-tinted sea."

The memory of our first ride through the crowded streets of Alexandria, and our introduction to the strange life of the Orient, will never be forgotten. First, we visited that impressive monu-

ment, Pompey's Pillar, a monolith of red granite brought from Assouan, eight hundred miles distant. The shaft is sixty-seven feet in height and nine in diameter. The whole monument is a hundred and seventy feet in height. It has no connection whatever with Pompey the Great, as has been supposed, but was erected in honour of the persecuting Diocletian. It is weathered and worn by the storms of 1,600 years, the silent witness of so many changes of dynasties and empires. All around its base lie the melancholy mounds of a large Arabian cemetery, one of the most dreary and desolate places on the face of the earth, as Arabian cemeteries usually are.

FOUNTAIN, CAIRO.

The crowded bazaars fairly swarmed with life. On every side were figures in unfamiliar guise—the veiled women, the jet black Nubian, the handsome Arab, the active Copt, the languid Jew, with here and there a British red coat or blue jacket, and many motley groups of many lands, and many garbs and many tongues.

The ride of 108 miles from Alexandria to Cairo was like a series of pictures from an illustrated Bible. The ploughman in the fields guided his oxen with a goad, and held with one hand his rude plough, so small and light that I often saw men carry them on their shoulders. The sower went forth to sow, scattering the seed in the by-paths and the stony places, among thorns and on good ground. The shepherd walked before his flock, calling his sheep by name, and sometimes carrying a lamb in his bosom. We saw the fellaheen watering with his foot, as described in the Scriptures, the parched fields; that is, turning the streams into prepared channels by deftly opening or closing the sluices through which it was conducted. The troops of camels, with their long, swinging gait, were a never-failing object in the landscape. More numerous still were the handsome Egyptian donkeys bearing their large many-coloured loads. Not infrequently a diminutive

animal would bear a burden seemingly as great as his own weight. Over and over again I saw groups that would answer admirably for models of Mary and Joseph and the Young Child fleeing into Egypt.

On every side spread in vast expanse the vivid verdure of the plains of wheat, studded all over with the rude mud villages of the Arabs, looking, as Dean Stanley has said, "like the prints of a muddy foot on a beautiful carpet." The black tents of the Arabs, the spray-like foliage of the palms, the white sails of the feluccas on the Nile, the endless procession of figures in bright-coloured garb—white, blue, green, yellow—the swarms of pigeons fluttering around their dovecotes, the white walls and pale yellow domes of the mosques, the yellow sand of the desert, and in the distance the purple Libyan hills—these all left an intense and never-to-be-effaced impression on the mind. At length the fine gardens and palaces of Cairo, the slender minarets of its mosques, its branching sycamores and feathery palms, came into view. The outlines of the pyramids began to loom in the distance, and soon their mighty wedges were distinctly seen piercing the sky. With a shriek the train entered the city, and at the crowded station was repeated again the noisy babel of Alexandria.

DOORWAY, CAIRO.

Cairo is the largest city in Africa, and one of the most interesting cities in the world. It has a population of nearly half a million, and no where else do the East and West so strangely meet and mingle as here. No other city that I have seen is so full of life and colour—especially colour. The street scenes present an inexhaustible fund of novelty and delight. Cairo has been described as a mosaic of the most fantastic and bizarre description, in which all nations, customs and epochs are represented—all phases of Oriental and Occidental life, of civilization and bar-

barism, of paganism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. The busy traffic of the Muski, the chief business thoroughfare, presents an interminable ravelled and twisted string of men, women and animals, of walkers, riders and carriages of every description.

We had not been an hour in the city before the young Khedive, with sayces, outriders, escort and suite, swept by—a brilliant cavalcade—and almost every day that we were in the city we saw him again. The sayces were gorgeously dressed, handsome young fellows, with gold embroidered vests, very full white trousers, and a wand of office. They go in pairs and run before the carriages of the wealthy, crying out to make way for their masters, like the forerunner described in the Bible They will thus keep ahead of a team going at full trot for hours. They do not, however, live long; the pace kills. One of them complained very seriously of a pain in his chest, and wished me to prescribe for him, which I was sorry I was not able to do.

The innumerable donkey boys who swarm the streets will often keep up with the nimble donkeys, urged to a hard trot. They are bright-witted, many of them speaking a smattering of English, French, German, Italian and Russian, besides their native Arabic. They give their donkeys names which they judge will suit their patrons. If they think the latter is English they will say, "Mine very good donkey, him name 'Prince of Wales'"; "Him name 'Lord Salisbury'"; or, "Him name 'Grand Old Man'"; and even "*Him* name 'Lily Langtry.'" For American patrons "him name" is generally "Yankee Doodle," or "Mark-a-Twain." In Upper Egypt they are more classical, and "him name" is "Rameses the Great"; or, "Tothmes III.," or perchance, "Cleopatra."

Another striking figure is the Sakka, or water-carrier, with his goat-skin of water on his back—an ugly bloated carcase of most repulsive appearance. Sometimes he carries an earthenware jar on his back, from which he dispenses water for a very small coin, and sometimes for nothing; being employed by pious Moslems, as an act of religious merit, to distribute water without money and without price. Often the water is flavoured with orange blossom or anise seed. The sellers of sherbet and other summer drinks make a continual clicking with the brass cups from which they dispense their rather insipid beverages. The street cries are of stentorian power, but are, of course, unintelligible unless interpreted. They are mostly hyperbolical commendations of their wares.

Other imposing street scenes are the frequent religious processions. A fanatical looking mob surges through the narrow street, chanting a wild strain to the clashing of cymbals, and the sharp percussion of tom-toms and tambourines, and waving green flags.

These processions are generally accompanied by the sheik, riding a gaily caparisoned donkey, or by a Moslem priest, wrapped in a brilliant shawl, and guarded by a couple of soldiers with drawn swords. Over and over again we encountered marriage processions, preceded by noisy music of flutes and tambourines, the bride being carefully secluded from observation in a closely cur-

CAIRINE WOMAN.

tained carriage, or in a palanquin or litter, borne by richly-spangled camels or donkeys. Sometimes it was difficult or impossible to drive past the wedding group, and we became the enforced auditors of the somewhat barbarous and primitive music, for which we were expected, of course, to contribute backsheesh. More sombre, but not less frequent, street scenes were funeral processions, which we often encountered. These, too, were attended

with throb of drums, waving of banners, and the mournful wail of human voices.

It was very odd to see at night, in front of many of the shops, a porter sleeping before the door, on a sort of lattice couch; but nothing was commoner than to see men lying around like dogs in the sun, sound asleep, at all hours of the day and night. The children are pretty, intelligent little creatures, but often so covered with flies one could scarcely see their faces. A fly-brush is an imperative necessity for everyone except the natives, who have become inured to the persecution of these pests.

We have space for only a few brief notes concerning the engravings accompanying this article. Our initial cut shows one of the beautiful lattice windows which abound, not only in Cairo but in all the cities of the Orient. The fretwork in wood is often of extreme delicacy and beauty. Part of such a window, on a larger scale, is shown in cut four, on page 135. Another constant feature in Cairine street scenes is the ever present minaret, of graceful form and exquisite proportions, such as shown on page 133. These are generally of white or pale yellow colour, and with the crescent-crowned domes give a never-failing variety to the scene. To the right of the cut is shown one of the numerous fountains of the city. These are generally the gift of some wealthy Moslem, who often endows a school in connection therewith as well. On page 138 is an illustration of another kind of fountain which is also common, but the extreme economy of the water and the mode of drinking are exceedingly nauseating to foreigners.

One finds certain conventional signs everywhere, as the barber's dish and the towels or napkins hanging in front of a bath, and occasionally a stuffed hyena or crocodile over a door, as shown in cut on page 139. These baths are popular institutions with the natives. Some of them are very magnificent in their interior decorations, with marble floor and marble vaults, and copious supplies of hot and cold water, hot air chambers, and the like, but I found nothing so good as the Turkish baths in the city of Montreal, which many members of the General Conference of 1890 will remember with much pleasure. The street cafés are very diminutive and paltry-looking affairs, as shown on page 136, but the rich black coffee, taken without milk, "for those that like that kind of thing, is just the sort of thing they like."

Many of the women are closely veiled, like one of the figures on page 135, but many also wear no veils, like that on page 141, in which the regular features, semi-aquiline nose, present a remarkable resemblance to the bas-reliefs of Cleopatra, as carven on the temples of Upper Egypt. The beauty of the children is a never-failing source of pleasure.

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

HIS WORK AMONG THE LONDON POOR.

BY ARCHDEACON F. W. FARRAR.

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

During Lord Shaftesbury's lifetime, in speaking at gatherings of the working-classes or of poor children, I used sometimes to ask my humble audiences whom they regarded as their greatest living friend? The answer always used to come promptly and heartily, "The Earl of Shaftesbury!"

If the question were to be asked in these days, a different and by no means unanimous answer might be given by assemblages of artisans; and schools of children would probably remain dumb. It is not, indeed, the case that Lord Shaftesbury's example has fallen fruitless into the soil of our national life. It would be disheartening and distressing if such lives left no imitators and

followers. But self-sacrifice is always fruitful, and as some one has said, "It is astonishing how much goodness goodness makes." The most precious thing about unselfishness is that it is so prolific to multiply itself. When the disguised prince in Tennyson's "Princess" mourns over the failure of human endeavours, Ida answers him:

> "And let me tell you girl,
> Howe'er you babble, good deeds cannot die;
> They, with the sun and moon, renew their light,
> Forever blessing those that look on them."

The ideal of life which Lord Shaftesbury worked out for himself has become the ideal of life to multitudes of blessed toilers who are lifting their strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to this, our earth. Cowper wrote years ago:

> "And we can boast, in these degenerate days,
> Of one who wears a coronet and prays."

He was alluding, I suppose, to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon; but in these times the number of those who wear coronets and pray is perhaps as large, relatively, as the number in any other class. Not a few of the rich and the noble have been led by the records of Lord Shaftesbury to see that

> "Kind hearts are more than coronets,"

and that the happiness which we win by doing good is incommensurate with, because it infinitely transcends, the happiness which men vainly imagine that they can derive from the selfish hoarding or the luxurious squandering of wealth.

There are two ways in which men can help mankind—by giving and by serving. Something may be done by charitable gifts, by public-spirited munificence and ready contributions to the furtherance of good.

If men can do—or think that they can do—no direct, immediate work by which their neighbours or their race may be made proportionately better and happier, then it becomes overwhelmingly incumbent on them at least to set aside some portion of their substance for other than selfish ends. Lord Shaftesbury was far from being a rich man, but he gave what he could spare of his income, and in doing so he was blessed.

Carlyle describes how, when he was a little Scotch child in the hut of his peasant father, one wintry day a poor, ragged beggar came shivering to the door. Moved by the divine instinct of pity, the child climbed up to the mantel-piece where stood the little earthen jar—the "thrift-pot," as it used to be called—in which was stored the little treasure of his pennies and half-pennies. "I

emptied it," he says, "into the hands of the beggar, and I felt at that moment what the bliss of heaven was like."

Yet the bliss to be derived from any form of personal service for the good of our fellow-men is far greater than that of mere almsgiving. To the delight of giving, it adds the delight of sympathy and conscious self-sacrifice. We are apt to pity the great heroes of unselfishness; to bewail the persecutions to which Adoniram Judson was subjected, the hardships borne by John Howard, the leprosy of Father Damien, the premature death of Coleridge Patteson. But the selfish are far more deserving of pity. God's faithful workmen may be "destitute, afflicted, tormented," but they are rarely unhappy.

Lord Shaftesbury was not habitually cheerful; he was often deeply depressed and disheartened. Nevertheless, his life was a very happy one, for

> "The high desire that others should be blessed
> Savours of heaven."

It is interesting to notice how many great careers have sprung from some strong impression made in childhood, or from the vow of a boy's heart. The slave-trade was practically doomed, the first stroke of the hour of emancipation had sounded in England, when the youth Thomas Clarkson sat down on the hillside on his way from Cambridge, and made up his mind that, if the slave-trade was evil, it was his duty to devote his life to the struggle against it. Abolition in America practically became a certainty when the youth, William Lloyd Garrison, living on bread and water with one negro lad in an ink-stained garret, issued the first number of the *Liberator*.

Most persons have heard the incident which decided the destiny of Lord Shaftesbury. He was a school-boy at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and as he stood on the hill he noticed, with disgust and generous indignation, the brutal levity with which some low undertakers were conducting a pauper's funeral:

> "Rattle his bones
> Over the stones;
> He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

Early teaching, aided by the grace of God, had instilled into the boy's mind a deep sense of the awful sacredness of man as man. In every human being he had learned to recognize the gift of immortality, the potential grandeur of eternal holiness, the infinitude of capacities which might hereafter be developed. In the poorest and humblest he saw a soul for whom Christ died. Then and there he vowed a vow that he would dedicate and con-

secrate his life to the service of his fellow-men, and above all, of those who needed his service most. Something taught him that a true Christian must follow the example of his Saviour Christ, who loved those whom none had loved before, and loved them as none had ever loved before.

The distinctiveness, the divine originality of the love of Christ, consisted in this, that He not only loved the lovable, but also the unlovely. He not only loved sweet little children and men of tender and generous and candid natures, but also the ugly, the blind, the halt, the maimed, the fallen, the corrupted. He was the friend of publicans and sinners, and Samaritans. He stooped to save not only priests and Pharisees, but

> "Every soul now dragging through the slime
> Of some corrupted city, his dim life
> Blighted with famine, swoll'n with luxury."

Lord Shaftesbury understood this element in the divine example as it has been understood by others of the world's purest and sweetest benefactors. He knew the meaning of the words, "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick" This large-heartedness of sympathy brought him into contact with men of all classes and so created in him a wide and invaluable experience. Hence, his boyish vow must ever be reckoned as an era in the history of philanthropy. I will mention, first, some of the good works in which I witnessed his activity, and then the general characteristics of his labours for the world of sorrow, poverty and sin.

We used to have in Westminster a little society called "The Window-gardening Society." It was intended to encourage the poor in the habit of brightening their rooms and houses with plants and flowers. Cuttings of plants were largely given away at the proper season, which the poor were to keep and care for; and towards the close of the summer our Abbey Garden was thrown open, and prizes of some value were given to all the poor, and to the boys and girls who could produce the best and most flourishing plants.

On these occasions superb shows of roses and hothouse flowers used to be sent by ladies of wealth and rank to decorate the tents in which the humble geraniums or carnations of the poor were ranged. All St. James', in silks, used to come to meet all St. Giles'—or rather all Westminster—in frieze. The band of some Boys' Refuge use to play, and the little waifs and strays and street Arabs of the neighbouring lanes and purlieus were admitted free into the garden, a privilege of which they availed themselves

in hundreds, and which they very much enjoyed. The object of the society was to encourage in the poor a sense of beauty, a love for the works of God, and a desire to brighten and beautify their dingy and squalid homes.

Year after year Lord Shaftesbury used to come to that distribution of prizes, and year after year, even when the rain was falling, the ragged and the indigent gathered in crowds around him, to hear the kindly words of wisdom which none knew how to utter so well as himself. And generally speaking, I may say that whenever I heard Lord Shaftesbury speak at any charitable gathering, he not only spoke weightily and to the point, but said something better worth remembering than any other speaker, even when other speakers surpassed him in eloquence.

I was once asked to a supper given to London thieves and others —the lowest of the low, the most wretched of the miserable, nay, even the criminal and depraved. Lord Shaftesbury was to address them, as well as myself. His speech struck me as chiefly remarkable from the depth of its sympathy. He gave to those poor, fallen, despairing people good advice, but he gave it in the kindliest way; in the way least likely to pain their susceptibilities, and to touch their hearts and consciences. He did not preach at them; he did not denounce them; he did not speak to them with irritating condescension; he did not adopt the tone of a Pharisee and a superior who stepped down to them out of a higher atmosphere. He spoke to them courteously, genially, never forgetting their dignity as human beings, and as sharers with him of the common mysteries of life and death, of corruption and immortality. Among other things he amused them with the story of a friendship which he had struck up with a crossing-sweeper, who one day stopped him as he crossed the road, and, with some apologies, gave him an invitation to be present at his wedding. "Of course I will come to your wedding," said Lord Shaftesbury, "I should think myself a very bad sort of fellow if I refused."

So the Earl, the descendant of many earls, whom ignorant and malevolent detractors described as "the proudest man in England," went to the crossing-sweeper's wedding, and by doing so probably received a great deal more happiness than he conferred. But here lay the secret of his power. He could feel genuine sympathy. He honoured men as simply men, and not for adventitious circumstances and extraneous honours. I more than once invoked his assistance in the endeavour to do good. When I first came to work in London, in 1876, I was specially struck with the almost total absence of any provision for the care of the youth in our great cities.

I incessantly called attention to this neglect. I pointed out that the nation spent millions of pounds on the education of the children, and then turned them loose at the age of fourteen or fifteen to survive or perish, as the destinies might decree, in the burning fiery furnace of temptation in the streets. I even ventured to summon a meeting of eminent men—representative laymen and clergymen—to consider whether something could not and should not be done to remedy this strange neglect. It was a cause which I have incessantly pleaded, and I feel it a privilege to have been permitted to take my share in the formation and support of the Diocesan Council for the benefit of our young men, of the London Sea-side Camp for boys, of the Finsbury Polytechnic, and of various youths' institutes which have gone far to remedy the old state of things.

The meeting of which I speak was summoned in the famous Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey—the room from which have proceeded the Authorized English Bible, the Revised Version, the Westminster Confession, and the last form of the English Prayer Book. I asked Lord Shaftesbury to take the chair. He consented willingly and at once, for neither age, nor weariness, nor the incessant demands upon his time, were ever allowed to stand in the way of his efforts to do good. In his opening speech he made a remark of the utmost importance. He said that he was frequently led to consult the police in order to avail himself of their experience. He had learned from them the striking fact that, with scarcely an exception, every criminal career begins between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Let the Church or the State, or the exertions of private influence get hold of the youths of a nation during those perilous years, and, though crimes might of course still be committed, yet the existence of a well-known class of professional criminals would be eliminated from Christian communities.

I have often repeated that remarkable testimony, and it has had its weight in stirring up the efforts which are now, happily, being made on all sides to promote the welfare of our growing boys. It used to be said that we provide for the people schools and churches, but left it to the devil to provide their amusements. That reproach is not wholly removed, but it is less true than once it was.

It would take me too long to describe Lord Shaftesbury's noble and almost numberless efforts on behalf of missions, home and foreign, for the protection of climbing boys, for the suppression of the opium trade, for poor curates, for homes for inebriates, for idiots and the insane, for prisoners, for the blind, for needle-

women, for railway servants, for cripples, for shoe-blacks, for costermongers, for cabmen, for early closing, for the Saturday half-holiday, for orphans, for the temperance movement, for destitute children. His was an all-embracing charity. What man ever received, as he did, such homely presents as slippers worked by indigent boys, and a donkey driven by struggling costermongers? Of what other man could it be said that two such benefits to the poor as the liberation of women and children from the horribly degrading slavery of mines and factories, and the foundation of ragged schools, which led ultimately to compulsory national education, owed everything to his exertions?

Westminster Abbey has witnessed many glorious and pathetic spectacles; but probably it never presented an aspect so dear to angels and the King of angels, as when the representatives of the sick, the suffering, and the destitute—the alleviators of every form of human misery—were gathered under its "high, embowéd roof" to witness the funeral service in Lord Shaftesbury's honour.

Jeremy Bentham wrote of his friend, John Howard, and it may be written even more truly of Lord Shaftesbury, "For departed kings there are appointed honours, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies. It was his nobler fortune to clothe a nation with spontaneous mourning, and to go down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

NAIN.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

"And He came and touched the bier; and they that bare him stood still."—Luke vii. 14.

MASTER! and wilt Thou come to our small Nain,
Amid love's lone farewells, and life's sad closes;
And wilt Thou share our tears, and ease our pain,
And touch the bier on which our dead reposes?

Well may the bearers pause, if Thou draw nigh,
And the slow, mournful train entranced listen;
And well appear may lights of wondering joy
'Neath low-drooped lids, where tears were wont to glisten.

The genial rose, that the dear cheek forsook,
Now will it bloom, and will the dull eye brighten?
And Death's cold bands, with thrilling tone and look,
Wilt Thou again unclasp, our woe to lighten?

Ah, not to-day! Though Thou shouldst come so near
Thy seamless robe against the bier might press;

Not now Thy voice shall thrill the muffled ear,
Soothing the grieving heart with gentleness.

But it is something if with us Thou stand,
And in the awful shadow by us linger,—
Still pointing outward to the better land,
And touching still our dead with hallowed finger!

Then though to-day the lov'd form may not rise,
Though yet the long procession onward moveth,
Though the tomb close, to Mary's sad surprise,
Is it not Lazarus, whom the Master loveth?

Thy hour we wait: let hearts, all sorrow-laden,
Lay, with sweet tears, their precious ones away;
The widow's only son, the beauteous maiden,
Shall fresh from slumber wake at break of day.

With mighty mirth, with trumpets of the morning,
The dwellers of mortality shall sing,*
And, by a bright'ning homeward track returning,
Wave the green palms of life's eternal spring.

But we are comforted, since Thou hast promised
That Thou wilt lowly speak, and with us be; †
And, if by Nain or Bethany Thou comest,
Thy garments breathe of Immortality.

Take up the precious burden, graveward going,
O dreaming bearers, ling'ring in the way!
The winter-wheat in frosty furrows sowing,
To feel the impulse of some genial May.

We welcome Sorrow, walking close with Thee;
And Death, when on his dreadless track Thou comest,
Shall have our tearful hospitality,
With the dear life Thou gavest and resumest.

Be in the mournful rite, the tender word,
The song,—Earth's grief and Heaven's rapture telling;
Be Thou at empty bed, and vacant board,
In gloom and silence of our lonely dwelling.

Hallow each bitter circumstance of grief,
Charm with Thy touch the unexpected sorrow:
If now Thou grant the suffering heart relief,
We can await the rest—in Thy To-morrow.

* Isaiah, xxvi., 19: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

† Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the halleluiahs, sweet and low.
—*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

Cherryfield, Me.

THE NEXT THINGS IN SOCIAL REFORM.

BY RICHARD T. ELY,

Of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

I PROPOSE to indicate in the fewest possible words the direction which, in my opinion, social reform should take. A task like this is an easy one for believers in panaceas, but difficult for the scientific student, because he realizes the complexity of the social organism and the vastness of its problems, which are many. I shall, in fact, do scarcely more than enumerate some of the more important items, leaving my readers to develop the suggestions offered.

It is always important to do the next thing, but next things should be done with reference to more distant things. One reason why we have not made more progress in the past is that people have not been sufficiently educated to view properly to-morrow and next day. In consequence, the more effectual remedies have not heretofore been applied at all, or have been applied in inadequate measure. It might seem the next thing to hand a beggar on the street five cents without stopping to investigate his case. Such impatience, however, effects no reform at all, but injures people instead of helping them.

A further consideration is that we need preventive rather than repressive efforts. Civilization advances in proportion as we apply the former and render the latter superfluous. Our many almshouses and charitable institutions are not the fruit of the highest civilization, but show defective social knowledge and exhibit a state of religion low as compared with the Christian ideal.

A third general consideration is that all reform to be hopeful must be religious, and consequently we need a reformation of the Church in the direction of social Christianity. Christianity which is not practical is not Christianity at all.

In the fourth place, it is important to emphasize the inadequacy of private philanthropy to accomplish the needed social reforms. Where private societies have been tried more effectively and persistently than elsewhere, namely, in England, it is acknowledged that they have practically failed. They did not educate the people even with the aid of the Church; they did not prevent the growth of pauperism, but rather increased it; nor did they do anything at all to diminish the extent of child-labour or to lessen the evils connected with wage-earning by women. Private efforts in England and elsewhere have accomplished little to improve the

dwellings of the poor. Exhortation to engage in work of this kind has been unceasing for generations, but all the private efforts in the United States put together have accomplished less to improve the environment of the poor in cities than a single sanitary law in Chicago, which in six years decreased the percentage of mortality thirty per cent. in proportion to the population.

Private effort alone and unaided can accomplish comparatively little where the principles of the competitive industrial system are involved, because these principles force the unwilling to follow the example set by the unscrupulous, as in the employment of women and children in the place of adult males and in the adulteration of food. The office of private philanthropy is to aid and stimulate public action. The State Charities Aid Association of New York is a good example of rightly directed private effort. It has improved the lot of hundreds of thousands belonging to the defective, dependent, and delinquent classes. The Chicago Bureau of Justice, which renders legal remedies accessible to the poorer members of the community, and in a single year gave aid in 2,500 cases, is another illustration of a very useful kind of private effort.

Charity Organization Societies, which aid in directing public and private charity, may also be mentioned in this connection. Public schools may be improved by private societies, and, as has been done in Boston, private philanthropy may temporarily defray the expenses of new features of the public school system until experience has shown their utility and the taxpayers are persuaded to carry forward the work. In this way kindergartens may in many places be added to the public school system.

There spring up among the wage-earning people various organizations and societies, the aim of which is to improve their lot materially, morally, and socially. These societies deserve encouragement, and it is always wise to help self-help. The Workingwomen's Society of 27 Clinton Place, New York, which promotes the organization of working-girls and assists their efforts when organized, deserves commendation. University and college settlements, both of men and women, such as now exist in New York City, are an additional illustration of well-directed private effort, because they bring about a contact of the more fortunate with the less fortunate classes of the community, and help us to understand the nature of needed social reforms.

We may perhaps lay it down as a general principle that it is the function of government to furnish relief to the needy and help the distressed when a general, widely organized, and long-continued or perpetual system of relief is required, and that private effort should be organized with a view to stimulating,

guiding, and improving public activity along this line. Private effort alone is irregular, spasmodic, and unsystematic. Witness the condition of the insane in England in the early part of this century. For the rest, private action and benevolence may minister to individual cases thoroughly well known, especially those among friends and relatives when the assistance is of a kind which the State either cannot or will not furnish. The young man or young woman with great intellectual gifts requiring training to become socially useful may be instanced.

When we turn to government, we discover that what is needed is not so much abrupt changes as the development and improvement of existing institutions. A whole group of reforms may be placed under the general heading of education, for recent investigations in this country and elsewhere show beyond all controversy that the classes comprised in the "submerged tenth" of society are physically and mentally inferior. Notwithstanding the criticisms which may be urged against our existing educational system, it is only by means of education that the reform and improvement of individuals can come about. This is illustrated by the Elmira Reformatory, which so trains young criminals intellectually, physically, morally, and industrially, that eighty per cent. of them at least are reformed when set free from that admirable institution. Education in schools ought to begin earlier and continue longer; its scope should be extended so as to include industrial pursuits; and it should by all means be rendered compulsory, thus guarding the most sacred right of children, namely, the right to a development of their faculties. In Germany school education is compulsory to the fifteenth year, and after that follow three years of military training, far more expensive to the nation than the best kind of schools, yet Germany is growing rich faster than almost any other country at the present time, notwithstanding these burdens. It is very clear, then, that it is quite possible for this country, without military burdens, to bear the expense of giving the best kind of physical and intellectual training to our youth until the age of eighteen.

We may group another set of reforms about the family as an institution, or, if you please, the home. Such are laws prohibiting child labour, and limiting the hours of labour of women and young persons, say to a maximum of fifty per week, and not more than nine on any one day. Compulsory education should be part of laws abolishing the labour of the youngest children and limiting and regulating that of others. Legislation calculated to improve the dwellings of the poor, and sanitary laws designed to improve in other ways their physical environment, may also be placed

under this head. Likewise temperance reform, both of a repressive and preventive character. Laws limiting the hours of work in special cases even for adults, as, for example, for employés of street-car lines, steam railways, etc., and establishing Saturday half-holidays, also come under the general heading of laws for the protection of the home.

Another group of reforms intended to nationalize or municipalize, as the case may be, means of life and joy must be mentioned. Opportunities for recreation and health-culture, as parks, playgrounds, baths, etc., belong to this group; also opportunities to enjoy beautiful objects in art and nature. The establishment of the International Reservation about Niagara Falls was a step in this direction, and the recently organized committee to preserve beautiful and historical places in Massachusetts by making them public property is another step in the right direction. Those highest material goods which we place under the head of art can never become generally accessible on the individual plan. These higher goods must be held in common to be enjoyed in common, and the common enjoyment does not detract from their best individual use.

Still a different group of reforms may be placed under the general head of the relations of employer and employed. I may mention employers' liability for accidents, and especially for accidents to employés of steam-railways, which are so numerous in the United States that among trainmen, including engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, etc., one in twelve was injured during a single year. Most of the accidents are easily preventable. Boards of arbitration and conciliation, with compulsory arbitration for corporations at least, may be mentioned in this connection.

Of a somewhat different character would be the establishment of postal savings banks, with opportunities for a limited amount of life insurance, as in England and elsewhere. The regulation and supervision of mutual aid societies, which already disburse many millions of dollars a year among us, should be enumerated.

Natural monopolies suggest another class of reforms. These include, as is now generally understood, all railways, including the express business, telegraphs, telephones, gas-works, electric lighting plants, etc. What is required is a better control and regulation, securing service cheaper in price and higher in quality, and looking ultimately to complete nationalization or municipalization. The charges of these monopolies constitute an important element in the expenses of a family in modern times, and often annihilate the farmer's profit. Many other reforms wait upon the nationalization, for example, of railways. Cheap railway rates would help to solve the problem of the housing of the poor in

cities. Something is already being done along this line. Mr. Samuel Vaile, of New Zealand, is active in this kind of reform in his country, and in one Australian province school-children are already carried free. Perhaps at the present time attention should be concentrated upon the telegraph, and a decided effort made to nationalize that. It is a mistake to suppose that only a few make use of an institution like the telegraph, and that its management is therefore of little consequence to the public at large. The expense of telegraphing is a part of the general expense of doing business, and telegraph charges, with profits thereon, enter into the prices which we pay for commodities. There is not a farmer or artisan who does not help to support the telegraph.

Mines and forests bring to mind needed industrial changes. We are dependent for fuel upon both, and for many articles which enter into the construction of houses and other buildings, and the implements used therein. There is a marked tendency towards the establishment of monopoly in the case of mines, and to overcome the evils of private monopolies in mines is one of the important problems of the time, viewed either from the standpoint of those employed in the mines or of the general public. It is not yet clear to all how this problem should be solved. In Germany the State owns and operates some of the mines, and private parties others. It has been suggested that with us the State should own the mines, but lease them, under stringent regulations, to private corporations. With regard to forests, it is clear that they can be maintained in suitable places and to a sufficient extent only by means of government ownership and management, and already New York has made a beginning in State forestry.

Taxation is a general heading for a group of important reforms, some, indeed, going so far as to claim that tax reform is the only industrial reform needed. It seems to become clear, in the progress of discussion of taxation, that, in one way and another, incomes unearned by those who enjoy them should be more heavily taxed than other incomes, that the surplus profits of monopolies should be very nearly if not quite taxed out of existence, and that inheritances and bequests, especially when large, should be heavily taxed; even if one hesitates to go as far as Mr. Andrew Carnegie and advocate a fifty per cent. tax. This would tend to the more general diffusion of property, and would remove burdens where they are severely felt and place them where they will not discourage production. The heavy taxation of valuable unoccupied natural resources will tend to throw them open to public use, and thus increase opportunities for industry. The full taxation of unoccupied city land in particular would increase building and help to solve the problems of slums of cities.

In discussions concerning industrial reforms the farmer has been generally overlooked, but now he begins to make himself heard. Careful reflection upon the workings of the preceding reforms will show that, benefiting society as a whole, they will benefit very greatly the farmer. Everything increasing the general resources of society must increase the demand for farm products; and lower freight and express charges will open new markets and improve old ones for the farmer. There are, however, some reforms to be mentioned which have particularly close connection with the farmer. One is the adoption of measures looking to the abolition of land monopoly and of the ownership of land by aliens.

There must always be a class of tenant farmers, and it would seem desirable that that land which is already public property should be retained and leased for terms of years. The ownership of land by the State, and also by cities, will help to prevent rack-renting and other industrial evils, and also furnish a revenue for public purposes. The demands of the farmer show the need for some kind of an organization of credit, but exactly how this is to be effected is not yet clear to my mind.

Important studies concerning the need of credit on the part of farmers and means of satisfying this need have been made, and experiments have been tried, particularly in Germany, and these require study. Advances by the government upon grain stored in public storehouses seem like a precarious experiment; but if the public storehouses in themselves, with very moderate charges for their use, would help the farmers to resist the exactions of speculators and monopolists, of which they complain so bitterly, there is no good reason why they should not be constructed. Even if we cannot accept the demand of farmers for increased supplies of money without qualification, we may favour conservative measures designed to prevent a contraction of the currency and a fall in prices, raising the value of farm mortgages.

The farmers and their families particularly need to be reached by educational efforts in order to render their lives, now generally so empty, fuller and richer. The University of Wisconsin is to some extent reaching the farmers by means of university extension courses held in different parts of the state. With these might perhaps be coupled a system of circulating libraries. Every successful effort to improve the civil service and to develop local self-government helps to make government a more efficient agent in carrying out reforms. The true aim of industrial reform is to equalize opportunities—a very different thing from establishing equality—and to render of general application the principle that he who will not work shall not eat.—*Christian Union.*

THE MARTYRS OF METHODISM.

BY REV. JOHN HUGH MORGAN.

That the Methodist Church should have had its martyrology need excite no surprise. Every movement that breathes a right spirit and aims at a worthy object must, in a community that contains a mixture of good and evil, force its way at first in face of violent resistance. To recount the noble deeds of Methodist martyrs is an act of justice to their memory, and needful for the instruction of those whose lot is cast in these quieter times. In the early Church the memory of martyrs was perpetuated by an annual celebration, and the Methodist Church does well to keep alive the memory of her martyrs by an occasional, if not an annual, celebration, and to send it down to the generations yet to come. As an achievement of self-sacrifice martyrdom is unique; for it conquers the love of life, which is the deepest instinct, at least in the physical province of our nature. There have been pseudo-martyrs in the history of the Church, martyrs around whose brow the halo, though brilliant, was fictitious; but the real martyr, when he comes, makes way for him; he deserves the uppermost seat in the "Christian Synagogue." The badge of moral supremacy he wears is unmistakable. The term "martyrs," in its widest sense, does not designate merely those who had suffered the loss of actual life by the instrument of torture; but all those noble men and women in the history of Methodism who have suffered on account of their religion. The Christian Church was cradled in the storm, and ever since the best and bravest of her children have fought on with the weapons of faith and patience.

No wonder that the founder of Methodism should have suffered in its service. He fell but little short of the glory of actual martyrdom, for although a pacific *man*, he was not a pacific *Christian*, but warlike and aggressive. He loved a godly fight. He had joined a league offensive as well as defensive against all evil. He suffered considerably with John Nelson while in Cornwall, at Falmouth, Cork, Dewsbury, in fact almost everywhere. Charles Wesley was also valiant in scenes of danger and persecution. The crimson mark of suffering is set upon many of our hymns. In this respect they resemble the Psalms of David, whose life was full of peril and adventure; their songs would not have been so sweet if their sufferings had not been so bitter. The secret of the wondrous charm of both lies in the fact that they

were struck out of the singers' own souls by the stirring events with which their own lives abounded. Some fearful danger is averted, some precious mercy is received, and the excited singer gives vent to his emotion in a burst of song. Charles Wesley often recited and often sang his hymns in the midst of a surging crowd. Four of them were avowedly written "to be sung in a tumult." Emerging from one of these tumults he sang this rousing lyric:

"Worship and thanks and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus!
Jesus alone
Defends His own
When earth and hell oppress us.

Jesus with joy we witness,
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to
That God is true
And reigns a King for ever."

John Nelson, a Yorkshire stonemason, who had heard John Wesley in London, on his return home began to talk to his neighbours at the dinner-hour. His simple story attracted such crowds in Birstal and neighbouring places that the vicar and magistrates contrived to have him pressed for a soldier. He was marched to Bradford, subjected to great sufferings, then to Leeds and York, where the streets and windows were thronged with revilers, who shouted and hissed as if he had laid waste a nation.

Some of the early preachers literally consumed themselves in the fierce ardour of their passion for soul-saving. They lived at a terrible pace. The sturdy constitution of John Smith was broken down by excessive toil. To the earnest remonstrance of his friends, burying his face in his hands, he wept and sobbed aloud, "I'm a broken-hearted man. I see sinners rushing into hell." The early preachers were followed through towns and villages by jeering crowds, and treated to showers of filthy missiles, turnips, potatoes, eggs—a tub of coal tar was often in readiness, while barrels of ale were provided by the advocates of "Church and King" to refresh the orthodox assailants, while both preachers and disciples were treated with brutality, such as to excite compassion even in the hearts of adversaries. Irish Methodists have passed through the blazing fires of persecution. Gideon Ouseley lived in constant storm and battle, and several of the early missionaries undermined their health by the nature of their exertions.

No wonder that American Methodism should have its records of

brave endurance. From the beginning its preachers had to break up new ground, and encounter new forces of opposition. Following the westward tide of population, they had no long encampments, but were kept in constant motion. Stevens called them "an Evangelical cavalry." They were frequently persecuted, even to fines, the seizure of their goods, and sometimes imprisonment by the dominant Church. They were denounced from the pulpits, maltreated in the courts, interrupted in the course of their sermons with charges of heresy, and assailed in the streets by the rabble. Among them the names of Taylor, Bishop Asbury, Pilmoor, Philip Gatch, Abbott, Simon Carlisle, James M'Carty, Richard Jacobs, and Richmond Nolly were conspicuous.

If such fierce opposition were encountered in semi-Christian countries, no wonder that heathen countries offered stout resistance. Among the two thousand or three thousand missionaries sent out by our society, from the beginning until now, we recognize men of a high order of nobility, accomplished scholars, as Gogerly, Clough, and Hardy; intrepid pioneers, such as Boardman, Pilmoor, Lawry, and Waterhouse; apt translators, such as Hunt, Lyth, Boyce and Calvert; but we glory most in the men who, following in the footprints of the worthies portrayed in Hebrews xi., "through faith . . . quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword . . . were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." The annals of our Missionary Society abound with records of holy daring and self-sacrifice, records of dangers braved, of cannibals tamed, of death defied, and we do not hesitate to affirm that for romance, for thrilling incident, and heroic adventure, nothing can be found in modern literature to surpass the records of missionary toil and enterprise.

In the West Indies our missionaries endured herculean toils and the fiercest persecutions, for a long time preaching the Gospel in the very teeth of legalized tyranny. At the hazard of their lives they fought against the slave code. In South Africa Threlfall, a young missionary of great promise, penetrated into the northern parts of the Great Namaqualand, was wounded by a musket ball, and afterwards wounded by an assegai. J. S. Thomas was stabbed by a party of Kaffirs. In Fiji, Thomas Baker, while attempting to cross the island to the northern coast, was attacked by a band of armed men, with the chief at their head, and murdered in cold blood, all the party, except two young men, suffering the same fate. What Methodist can think, without emotion, of the unique expedition of Dr. Coke—the father of Methodist Missions? Far out at sea he was found dead in his cabin, and then buried at sea.

But for the grandest pages of Methodist martyrdom all eyes will turn to the Western Coast of Africa, where the deadly malaria creeps on its stealthy course, and prostrates the stoutest frames in fever, and so often in death. George Warren was the first of a brilliant succession of missionaries who fell a sacrifice to the treacherous climate, and Mrs. Davies, the first of an equally brilliant succession of missionaries' wives, who have played a part on the mission-field as truly heroic as the men. Melville B. Cox, the first Methodist missionary sent from America to the coast of Africa, in three months sickened and died. Before leaving his native shores he remarked to a friend: "I go to the land of sickness and death; but if I die you must come and write my epitaph." "What shall I write?" said his friend. "Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be forgotten."

Another form of persecution was that which exists, particularly in the rural districts where landed proprietors, closely allied with the Anglican Church, have used their influence unrighteously for the suppression of Methodism.

It is possible to overrate the relative merits of the martyr age. There are martyrs to-day, although they may never be cast into prisons, and their deeds may be unknown to fame. Character cannot be thoroughly known until severely tried, and if Smithfield fires were kindled again the test would discover signal examples of courage and truth. Heroism lies latent in many a soul like fire in flint.

ABIDING.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

In Thy pure love abiding—
Safe sheltered 'neath the wings
Of love's divine confiding—
My soul serenely sings:
Abiding! Abiding
In love's divine confiding!

In Thy sure rest abiding—
In Thee, my Lord, so near,
From life's contentions hiding—
No tumult need I fear:
Abiding! Abiding
In love's divine confiding!

In holy peace abiding
My pain hath sweet surcease:
Thy Word and Spirit, guiding,
Lead on to perfect peace.
Abiding! Abiding
In love's divine confiding!

By hope, in life abiding—
Supreme and full and free,
My soul hath full providing
For all eternity.
Abiding! Abiding
In love's divine confiding!

"The Elms," Toronto.

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.*

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D., LL.D.

THE PLANETS AS INDIVIDUALS.

I.

How many bodies there may be revolving about the sun we have no means to determine or arithmetic to express. In 1776, there were but six planets discovered. Since then three regions of the solar system have been explored with wonderful success. The outlying realms beyond Saturn yielded the planet Uranus in 1781, and Neptune in 1846. The middle region between Jupiter and Mars yielded the little planetoid Ceres in 1801, Pallas in 1802, and two hundred and fifty others since. The inner region between Mercury and the sun is of necessity full of small meteoric bodies; the question is, are there any bodies large enough to be seen?

The same great genius of Leverrier that gave us Neptune from the observed perturbations of Uranus, pointed out perturbations in Mercury that necessitated either a planet or a group of planetoids between Mercury and the sun. Theoretical astronomers, aided by the fact that no planet had certainly been seen, and that all asserted discoveries of one had been by inexperienced observers, inclined to the belief in a group, or that the disturbance was caused by the matter reflecting the zodiacal light.

MERCURY.*

Mercury shines with a white light nearly as bright as Sirius; is always near the horizon. When nearly between us and the sun, its illuminated side nearly opposite to us, we see only a thin crescent of its light. When it is at its greatest angular distance from the sun, we see it illuminated like the half-moon. When it is beyond the sun, we see its whole illuminated face like the full-moon.

The variation of its apparent size from the varying distance is very striking. At its extreme distance from the earth it subtends an angle of only five seconds; nearest to us, an angle of twelve seconds. Its distance from the earth varies nearly as one to three, and its apparent size in the inverse ratio.

When Mercury comes between the earth and the sun, near the

*Distance from the sun, 35,750,000 miles. Diameter, 2,992 miles. Orbital revolution, 87.97 days. Orbital velocity, 1,773 miles per minute. Axial revolution, unknown.

line where the planes of their orbits cut each other by reason of their inclination, the dark body of Mercury will be seen on the bright surface of the sun. This is called a transit. If it goes across the centre of the sun it may consume eight hours. It goes 100,000 miles an hour, and has 860,000 miles of disc to cross. The transit of 1878 occupied seven and a half hours.

VENUS.*

This brilliant planet is often visible in the daytime. I was once delighted by seeing Venus looking down, a little after mid-day, through the open space in the dome of the Pantheon at Rome. It has never since seemed to me as if the home of all the gods was deserted. Phœbus, Diana, Venus, and the rest, thronged through that open upper door at noon of night or day. Arago relates that Bonaparte, upon repairing to Luxemburg when the Directory was about to give him a *fête*, was much surprised at seeing the multitude paying more attention to the heavens above the palace than to him or his brilliant staff. Upon inquiry, he learned that these curious persons were observing with astonishment a star which they supposed to be that of the conqueror of Italy. The emperor himself was not indifferent when his piercing eye caught the clear lustre of Venus smiling upon him at mid-day.

Venus may be as near the earth as 22,000,000 miles, and as far away as 160,000,000. This variation of its distances from the earth is obviously much greater than that of Mercury, and its consequent apparent size much more changeable.

Venus is surrounded by an atmosphere so dense with clouds that it is conceded that her time of rotation and the inclination of her axis cannot be determined.

Florence has built a kind of shrine for the telescope of Galileo. By it he discovered the phases of Venus, the spots on the sun, the mountains of the moon, the satellites of Jupiter, and some irregularities of shape in Saturn, caused by its rings. Galileo subsequently became blind, but he had used his eyes to the best purpose of any man in his generation.

THE EARTH.†

Let us lift ourselves up a thousand miles from the earth. We

*Distance from the sun, 66,750,000 miles. Diameter, 7,660 miles. Orbital velocity, 1,296 miles per minute. Axial revolution, 23h. 21m. Orbital revolution, 224.7 days.

†Distance from the sun, 92,500,000 miles. Diameter, polar, 7,899 miles; equatorial, 7,925½ miles. Axial revolution, 23h. 56m. 4.09s.; orbital, 365.26. Orbital velocity per minute, 1,102.8 miles.

see it as a ball hung upon nothing in empty space. As the drop of falling water gathers itself into a sphere by its own inherent attraction, so the earth gathers itself into a ball. Noticing closely, we see forms of continents outlined in bright relief, and oceanic forms in darker surfaces. We see that its axis of revolution is nearly perpendicular to the line of light from the sun. One-half is always dark. The sunrise greets a new thousand miles every hour; the glories of the sunset follow over an equal space, 180° behind.

While east and west are gorgeous with sunrise and sunset, the north is often more glorious with its aurora borealis. We remember that all worlds have weird and inexplicable appendages. They are not limited to their solid surfaces or their circumambient air. The sun has its fiery flames, corona, zodiacal light, and perhaps a finer kind of atmosphere than we know. The earth is not without its inexplicable surroundings. It has not only its gorgeous eastern sunrise, its glorious western sunset, high above its surface in the clouds, but it also has its more glorious northern dawn far above its clouds and air. The realm of this royal splendour is as yet an unconquered world waiting for its Alexander. There are certain observable facts, viz.: it prevails mostly near the arctic circle rather than the pole; it takes on various forms—cloud-like, arched, straight; it streams like banners, waves like curtains in the wind, is inconstant; is either the cause or result of electric disturbance; it is often from four hundred to six hundred miles above the earth, while our air cannot be over one hundred miles. It almost seems like a revelation to human eyes of those vast, changeable, panoramic pictures by which the inhabitants of heaven are taught.

Investigation has discovered far more mysteries than it has explained. It is possible that the same cause that produces sunspots produces aurora in all space, visible in all worlds.

A soap-bubble in the wind could hardly be more flexible in form and sensitive to influence than is the earth. On the morning of May 9th, 1876, the earth's crust at Peru gave a few great throbs upward, by the action of expansive gases within. The sea fled, and returned in great waves as the land rose and fell. Then these waves fled away over the great mobile surface, and in less than five hours they had covered a space equal to half of Europe. The waves ran out to the Sandwich Islands, six thousand miles, at the rate of five hundred miles an hour, and arrived there thirty feet high. They not only sped on in straight radial lines, but, having run up the coast to California, were deflected away into the former series of waves, making the most complex undulations. Similar

beats of the great heart of the earth have sent its pulses as widely and rapidly on previous occasions.

The figure of the earth, even on the ocean, is irregular, in consequence of the greater preponderance of land—and hence greater density—in the northern hemisphere. These irregularities are often very perplexing in making exact geodetic measurements. The tendency of matter to fly from the centre by reason of revolution causes the equatorial diameter to be twenty-six miles longer than the polar one. By this force the Mississippi River is enabled to run up a hill nearly three miles high at a very rapid rate. Its mouth is that distance farther from the centre of the earth than its source, when but for this rotation both points would be equally distant.

If the water became more dense, or if the world were to revolve faster, the oceans would rush to the equator, burying the tallest mountains and leaving polar regions bare. If the water should become lighter in a very slight degree, or the world rotate more slowly, the poles would be submerged and the equator become an arid waste. No balance, turning to $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a grain, is more delicate than the poise of forces on the world. Laplace has given us proof that the period of the earth's axial rotation has not changed $\frac{1}{100}$ of a second of time in two thousand years.

But there is an outside influence that is constantly acting upon the earth, and to which it constantly responds. Two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth is the moon, having $\frac{1}{81}$ the mass of the world. Its attractive influence on the earth causes the movable and nearer portions to hurry away from the more stable and distant, and heap themselves up on that part of the earth nearest the moon. Gravitation is inversely as the square of the distance; hence the water on the surface of the earth is attracted more than the body of the earth, some parts of which are eight thousand miles farther off; hence the water rises on the side next the moon. But the earth, as a whole, is nearer the moon than the water on the opposite side, and being drawn more strongly, is taken away from the water, leaving it heaped up also on the side opposite to the moon.

A subsidiary cause of tides is found in the revolution of the earth and moon about their common centre of gravity. Revolution about an axis through the centre of a sphere enlarges the equator by centrifugal force. Revolution about an axis touching the surface of a flexible globe converts it into an egg-shaped body, with the longer axis perpendicular to the axis of revolution.

If the earth had no axial revolution, the attractive point where tide rises would be carried around the earth once in twenty-seven

days by the moon's revolution about the earth. But since the earth revolves on its axis, it presents a new section to the moon's attraction every hour. If the moon were stationary, that would bring two high tides in exactly twenty-four hours; but as the moon goes forward, we need nearly twenty-five hours for two tides.

The attractive influence of the sun also gives us a tide four-tenths as great as that of the moon. When these two influences of the sun and moon combine, as they do, in conjunction—when both bodies are on one side of the earth; or in opposition, sun and moon being on opposite sides of the earth—we have spring or increased tides. When the moon closes its first or third quarter, *i.e.*, when a line from the moon to the earth makes a right angle with one from the sun to the earth, these influences antagonize one another, and we have the neap or low tides.

It is easy to see that if, when the moon was drawing its usual tide, the sun drew four-tenths of the water in a tide at right angles with it, the moon's tide must be by so much lower. Because of the inertia of the water it does not yield instantly to the moon's influence, and the crest of the tide is some hours behind the advancing moon.

All eastern shores have far greater tides than western. As the earth rolls to the east it leaves the tide-crest under the moon to impinge on eastern shores, hence the tides of from seventy-five to one hundred feet in the Bay of Fundy. Lakes and most seas are too small to have perceptible tides. The spring-tides in the Mediterranean Sea are only about three inches.

This constant ebb and flow of the great sea is a grand provision for its purification. Even the wind is sent to the sea to be cleansed. The sea washes every shore, purifies every cove, bay, and river twice every twenty-four hours. All putrescible matter liable to breed a pestilence is carried far from shore and sunk under fathoms of the never-stagnant sea. The distant moon lends its mighty power to carry the burdens of commerce. She takes all the loads that can be floated on her flowing tides, and cheerfully carries them in opposite directions in successive journeys.

THE MOON.*

When the astronomer Herschel was observing the southern sky from the Cape of Good Hope, the most clever hoax was perpetrated that ever was palmed upon a credulous public. Some new and wonderful instruments were carefully described as having been

*Extreme distance from the earth, 259,600 miles; least, 221,000 miles; mean, 240,000 miles. Diameter, 2,164.6 miles [2,153, Lockyer]. Revolution about the earth, 29½ days. Axial revolution, same time.

used by that astronomer, whereby he was enabled to bring the moon so close that he could see thereon trees, houses, animals, and men-like human beings. He could even discern their movements, and gestures that indicated a peaceful race. The extent of the hoax will be perceived when it is stated that no telescope that we are now able to make reveals the moon more clearly than it would appear to the naked eye if it was one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles away. The distance at which a man can be seen by the unaided eye varies according to circumstances of position, background, light, and eye, but it is much inside of five miles.

Since, however, the moon is our nearest neighbour, a member of our own family in fact, it is a most interesting object of study.

A glance at its familiar face reveals its unequal illumination. Every twenty-nine or thirty days we see a silver crescent in the west, and are glad if it comes over the right shoulder—so much tribute does habit pay to superstition. It is easy to see that the moon goes around the earth from west to east. Afterward it rises later and smaller each night, till at length, lost from sight, it rises about the same time as the sun, and soon becomes the welcome crescent new moon again.

The same peculiarities are always evident in the visible face of the moon; hence we know that it always presents the same side to the earth. Obviously it must make just one axial to one orbital revolution. Our eyes will never see the other side of the moon. If, now, being solid, her axial revolution could be increased enough to make one more revolution in two or three years, that difference between her axial and orbital revolution would give the future inhabitants of the earth a view of the entire circumference of the moon. Yet if the moon were once in a fluid state, or had oceans on the surface, the enormous tide caused by the earth would produce friction enough, as they moved over the surface, to gradually retard the axial revolution till the two tidal elevations remained fixed toward and opposite the earth, and then the axial and orbital revolutions would correspond, as at present. In fact, we can prove that the form of the moon is protuberant toward the earth. Its centre of gravity is thirty-three miles beyond its centre of magnitude, which is the same in effect as if a mountain of that enormous height rose on the earth side. Hence any fluid, as water or air, would flow round to the other side.

The moon's day, caused by the sun's light, is twenty-nine and a half times as long as ours. The sun shines unintermittingly for fifteen days, raising a temperature as fervid as boiling water. Then darkness and frightful cold for the same time succeed, except on that half where the earth acts as a moon. The earth

presents the same phases—crescent, full, and gibbous—to the moon as the moon does to us, and for the same causes. Lord Rosse has been enabled, by his six-foot reflector, to measure the difference of heat on the moon under the full blaze of its noonday and midnight. He finds it to be no less than five hundred degrees. People not enjoying extremes of temperature should shun a lunar residence. The moon gives us only $\frac{1}{618000}$ as much light as the sun. A sky full of moons would scarcely make daylight.

There are no indications of air or water on the moon. When it occults a star it instantly shuts off the light and as instantly reveals it again. An atmosphere would gradually diminish and reveal the light, and by refraction cause the star to be hidden in much less time than the solid body of the moon would need to pass over it. If the moon ever had air and water, as it probably did, they are now absorbed in the porous lava of its substance.

Probably no one ever saw the moon by means of a good telescope without a feeling of admiration and awe. Except at full-moon, we can see where the daylight struggles with the dark along the line of the moon's sunrise or sunset. This line is called the terminator. It is broken in the extreme, because the surface is as rough as possible. In consequence of the small gravitation of the moon, utter absence of the expansive power of ice shivering the cliffs, or the levelling power of rains, precipices can stand in perpendicularity, mountains shoot up like needles, and cavities three miles deep remain unfilled. Knowing the time of revolution, and observing the change of illumination, we can easily measure the height of mountain and depth of crater. An apple, with excavations and added prominences, revolved on its axis toward the light of a candle, admirably illustrates the crescent light that fills either side of the cavities and the shadows of the mountains on the plain.

The selenography of one side of the moon is much better known to us than the geography of the earth. Our maps of the moon are far more perfect than those of the earth; and the photographs of lunar objects by Messrs. Draper and De la Rue are wonderfully perfect, and the drawings of Padre Secchi equally so. The least change recognizable from the earth must be speedily detected. There are frequently reports of discoveries of volcanoes on the moon, but they prove to be illusions. The moon will probably look the same to observers a thousand years hence as it does to-day.

This little orb, that is only $\frac{1}{81}$ of the mass of the earth, has twenty-eight mountains that are higher than Mont Blanc, that "monarch of mountains," in Europe.

JOHN WESLEY'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO HYMNODY.

The literature of the eighteenth century revival has nothing more wonderful or more valuable to show than the remarkable series of hymn-books issued by the brothers, John and Charles Wesley. From the first modest venture of John's, which appeared in Charleston, S.C., in 1737, to Charles' "Prayers for Condemned Malefactors," issued in 1785, the whole number of these publications is not far from seventy. Some were published without signature; others appeared as the joint productions of John and Charles; others with John's name alone, and still others with Charles' name alone. Their popularity was immediate and widespread. Many of their original compositions were taken up by other communions, and there is not now a collection of any importance which is not indebted to them for some of its choicest matter.

There is, however, one curious feature of this literature which we desire to emphasize. The careful reader of our hymn-book finds that of its over 1,100 hymns only thirty-one are credited to John Wesley. Further examination shows that of these thirty-one, twenty-five are translations, and of the remaining six so careful a student of Wesleyan poetry as our Rev. C. S. Nutter denominates four as assigned to John only conjecturally. This leaves as an almost certain residue of John's original composition only the hymns—

"Father of all, whose powerful voice,"

and

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot."

We naturally inquire, "Is this the total of Mr Wesley's work in this department? Some critics say "yes," and explain it on the ground that Mr. Wesley had neither the gift nor the time for writing poetry. As to the first, it ought to be a sufficient answer to cite the translations and the two original poems with which he is indubitably credited: as to the second, it is enough to say that the same might be urged against nearly all his literary work, which is the standing marvel of his career.

What then is to be said on the other side? Only this, that with our present information it is wholly impossible to decide just how much original hymn-writing Mr. John Wesley did. When the brothers began publishing hymns jointly they agreed not to distinguish their productions. All subsequent assignment of the hymns in these particular volumes has therefore been purely

conjectural. It is interesting to know that in this doubtful list are included some of the very finest hymns of Wesleyan genius. In "Hymns and Sacred Poems, by John and Charles Wesley, 1740," for instance, are the following treasured hymns:

"Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire."
"Come, and let us sweetly join."
"Depth of mercy! can there be."
"Forever here my rest shall be."
"Jesus, lover of my soul."
"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing."

All of which are credited in our hymn-book to Charles; and the following translations:

"Holy Lamb, who Thee receive."
"I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God."
"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness."
"Now I have found the ground wherein."

All of which are credited to John, simply because it is well known that Charles had no working knowledge of the German, from which the translations are made. It is perhaps fortunate for John's credit that such a distinguishing accomplishment was his, since, otherwise, the credit would doubtless have been given to the brother, who, after all, is *the* singer of Methodism. When one examines the nine volumes which bear John's name alone, and the nine on which his name appears as joint author with that of his brother, and finds that a necessarily arbitrary assignment credits him with so slight a fraction of the whole, it is an unexpected and not very creditable view of Mr. Wesley's character. It is not easy of belief that so scrupulous and so magnanimous a man as Mr. Wesley would consent to have his name appear as the author or joint author of works to which he contributed so little. There is not much expectation that any material will be forthcoming to throw further light on this matter of authorship, but in the meantime it is well to remember that there is a question of authorship, and that it is quite possible that in his ministry of song, John Wesley may have the world for his parish to an extent he is not even suspected of.

Mr. Wesley's translations are justly regarded as among the very best of their kind. Some of them are paraphrases rather than translations, and expert testimony is to the effect that in thought, expression, and melody they are decidedly superior to the originals. Of the hymn by Rothe, which in Mr. Wesley's translation begins, "Now I have found the ground wherein," the late Mr. George John Stevenson observes that there is perhaps no hymn in our

collection so full of Scripture truth in Scripture phraseology. No less than thirty-six separate passages of Scripture have been found in language or in spirit to correspond with the several lines of this hymn. There are few hymns more popular in church and social meetings than is Mr. Wesley's "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness," a translation from Count Zinzendorf.

Mr. Wesley's work in changing and editing hymns was uniformly in the interest of good taste, poetical expression, and sound doctrine. The following will illustrate. The opening lines of a sublime hymn by Dr. Watts were:

> "Nations attend before His throne,
> With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

Wesley's alteration is:

> "Before Jehovah's awful throne,
> Ye nations bow with sacred joy."

One of Watts' most popular hymns had this verse:

> "Look how we grovel here below,
> Fond of trifling toys.
> Our souls can neither fly nor go
> To reach eternal joys."

Wesley altered it to read:

> "Look how we grovel here below,
> Fond of these earthly toys;
> Our souls how heavily they go
> To reach eternal joys."

We subjoin the "Pilgrim Hymn" as at once a hint at Mr. Wesley's gifts in versification and a glimpse of his thoughts and feelings at the time of writing. It was written some years before his marriage, an event which would probably have modified some expressions had it been written later. The poem originally appeared in a volume entitled: "Hymns for those that Seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ. 1747."

> "How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
> How free from every anxious thought,
> From worldly hope and fear!
> Confined to neither court nor cell,
> His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
> He only sojourns here.
>
> "This happiness in part is mine,
> Already sav'd from low design,
> From every creature-love;

Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

"'The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want!

"'I have no sharer of my heart
To rob my Saviour of a part
And desecrate the whole:
Only betroth'd to Christ am I,
And wait His coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul.

"'I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim;
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine, of living stones,
Inscrib'd with Jesus' name.

"'No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness:
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

"'Nothing on earth I call my own:
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

"'There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

"'"'I come,' Thy servant, Lord, replies,
'I come, to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to Thy breast!'"

—*The Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

FOURTEEN TO ONE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

II.

Deborah Matthews, when it had come to eleven o'clock, sprang to her feet, gave one piteous, beaten look at the clock, then stayed to look at nothing more. She flung open the door, not delaying to lock it behind her, and dashed out. She was as wild as a girl, and almost as agile. She ran over the rocks, and slipped in the mud, and sunk in the holes, and pushed into the cornfield, and thrust out her hands before her to brush the stalks away, and stood for a moment to get her breath underneath a locust tree. How persistently, how solemnly that black arm pointed down the path. She felt like kneeling to it, as if it were an offended deity. All the pagan in her stirred. Suddenly the Christian rose and wrestled with it.

"Lord have mercy!" she moaned. "He's my husband. We've been married thirty years."

"Hain't I prayed enough?" she sobbed, sinking on her knees, in the mud, among the corn. "Hain't I said all there's any sense in sayin' to Thee? What's the use in pesterin' God? But, oh, to mercy, if Thou couldst take the trouble to understand what it is to be married—thirty years—and to set here in the cornfield lookin' for a murdered husband. He can't," said Deborah Matthews, abruptly starting to her feet. "God ain't a woman. It ain't in nature. He *can't* understand."

She pushed on, past the burned trees and out towards the highway. It was very dark. It was deadly lonely. It was as still as horror. Oh, there—

What tidings? For good or for ill, they had come at last. Deep in the distance the wheels of a bow-legged waggon rumbled dully, and the hoofs of a tired horse stumbled on the half-frozen ground. Far down the road she could see, moving steadily, a little sparkle, like a star. She dared not go to meet it.

Friend or foe might bear the news. Let it come. It must find her where she was. She covered her face with her shawl, and stood like a court-martialed soldier before the final shot.

"Deb-orah?"

Far down the road the faint cry sounded. Nearer, and advancing, the dear voice cried. He was used to call to her so when he was late, that she might be sure, and be spared all possible misery. He was infinitely tender with her. The Christianity of this old minister began with the marriage tie.

"Deb-orah? Deborah, my dear? Don't be frightened, Deborah. I'm coming. I've got home."

Kissing and clinging, laughing and sobbing, she got him into

the barn. Whether she clambered over the wheels to him, or he sprang out to her, whether she rode or walked, or flew, she could not have told: nor, perhaps, could he. He was as pale as the dead corn, and seemed dazed, stunned, unnatural to her eye. Hezekiah probably knew better than either of these two excited old people how they together got his harness off, with shaking hands, and rolled the waggon into the shed, and locked the outbuildings, not forgetting the supper of the virtuous horse who rests from his labours after fifteen miles on a Tennessee road, and at the age of thirty-one.

"Lock the doors," said the minister abruptly, when they had gone into the house-place. "Lock up everything. Take pains about it. Give me something to eat or drink, and don't ask a question till I get rested."

His wife turned him about, full in the firelight, gave one glance at his face, and obeyed him to the letter. Perhaps for the first time in her life, she did *not* ask a question. His mouth had a drawn, ghastly look, and his sunken eyes did not seem to see her.

She noticed that he limped more than usual as he crossed the room to lay his old felt hat on the barrel-top beneath the library.

"You are used up," she said; "you are tuckered out! Here, drink your coffee, Levi. Here, I won't talk to you. I won't say a word. Drink, Mr. Matthews; do, dear."

He drank in great gulps exhaustedly. When she came up with the corn-cake, having turned her back to dish it, she heard a little clicking sound, and saw that his right hand closed over something which he would have hidden from her.

It was the old pistol; he was loading it, rust and all. The two looked at each other across the disabled weapon.

"It's all we have," he said. "A man must defend his own. Don't be frightened, Deborah. I'll take care of you."

"You might as well out with it," said the old lady, distinctly, "I'm ready to hear. I'm not a coward. New Hampshire girls ain't. I should think you'd know I'd been through enough, in this God-forsaken country—for that."

"Well," slowly. "Well, I suppose you're about right, Deborah. The fact is, I've had a narrow escape of it. I was warned at the meeting. We had a gratifying meeting. The Spirit descended on us. Several arose to confess themselves anxious——"

"What were you warned about?" interrupted his wife, "Never mind the anxious seat. I've sat on it long enough for one night. What's the matter? Who warned you?"

"I was warned against the Ku Klux Klan, that's all," returned the parson simply, picking up the crumbs of corn-cake from his knees, and eating them to "save" the bread. "For a disbanded organization they're pretty lively, yet, round these parts. They lay in wait for me on the road home. I had to come round over the mountain, the other way. It was pretty rough. I didn't know but they'd detail a squad there. It was pretty late. The harness broke twice, and I had to mend it. It took a good while. And I knew that you——"

"Never mind me!" cried Mrs. Matthews, with that snap of the voice which gives the accent of crossness to mortal anxiety. "Tell me who warned you. Tell me everythin', this minute!"

"That's about all, Deborah. A coloured brother warned me. He has been desirous of being present at all the means of grace, of late. But for the—the state of public sentiment, he would have done so. He is that convert brought to me privately, a few weeks ago, by our new brother, Brother Meminger."

I don't know 's I half like that Brother Meminger," returned the wife. "He got converted pretty fast. And he's a stranger in these parts. His speech ain't our speech, either. But it's a Southern name. Did he warn you?"

"He was not present to-night at the dispensing of the Word," replied the minister. "No, I was taken to one side, after the benediction, without the building, by the coloured brother, and warned, on peril of my life—and on peril of his—not to go home to-night, and to tell no man of the warning."

"But you did—you came home!"

"Certainly, my dear; you were here."

She clung to him, and he kissed her. Neither spoke for many minutes. It seemed as if he could not trust himself. She was the first to put in whispered words the thought which rocked the hearts of both.

"When they don't find you—what will they do?"

"My dear wife—my dear wife, God knows."

"What shall you do? What can we do?"

"I think," said the minister in his gentle voice, "that we may as well conduct family prayers."

"Very well," said his wife, "if you've had your supper. I'll put away the dishes first."

She did so, methodically and quietly, as if nothing out of the common course of events had happened, or were liable to. Her matter-of-fact, housewifely motions calmed him, as she thought they would. It made things seem natural, homelike, safe, as if danger were a delirious dread, and home and love and peace the foundations of life, after war, in Tennessee.

When she had washed her hands and taken off her apron, she came back to the lounge and brought the family Bible with her, and the hymn-book. They sang together one verse of their favourite hymn, "How firm a foundation," with the quavering, untrained voices that had "led the choirs" of mountain meetings for almost thirty years of patient, self-denying missionary life. Then the parson read, in a firm voice, a psalm—the ninety-first; and then he took the hand of his wife in his, and they both knelt down by the lounge, and he prayed aloud his simple, trustful, evening prayer.

"Oh Lord, our heavenly Father, Thy mercies are new every morning, and fresh every evening. We thank Thee that though danger walketh in darkness, it shall not come nigh us. We bless Thee that Thou art so mindful of Thine unworthy servant and

handmaiden. We thank Thee that for nearly thirty years we have dwelt in love and peace beneath our comfortable roof. We thank Thee that no disaster hath rendered us homeless, and that the hand of violence hath not been raised against us. We pray Thee that Thou wilt withhold it from us this night, that we may sleep in peace, and awake in safety——"

"*Levi!*"

A curdling whisper in his ear interrupted the old man's prayer. "Levi! There are *footsteps in the corn!*"

"And awake in safety," proceeded the minister firmly, "to bless Thy tender care——"

He did not rise from his knees, but prayed on in a strong voice. So well trained to the religious habit was the woman that she did not cry out, nor interrupt him again, nor did she even arise from her knees before the old lounge.

Suddenly voices clashed, cries upsprang, and a din surrounded the house.

"Come out! Come out! Out with the Yankee parson! Out with the nigger-praying preacher! Show yourself!"

The old man's hand tightened upon the hand of his old wife; but neither rose from their knees. The confusion without redoubled. Calls grew to yells. Heavy steps dashed foraging about the house. Cries of alarm from the outbuildings showed that the animals, which were the main support of the simple home, were attacked, perhaps destroyed. Then came the demand:

"Come out! Come out to us! Show yourself, you sneaking, Yankee parson! Out to us!"

A terrific knock thundered on the door. Steadily the calm voice within prayed on:

"We trust Thee, O Lord, and we bless Thee for Thy mercy toward us——"

"Open the door, or we will pull your shanty down to hell!"

"Preserve us, O Lord, for Thy lovingkindness and tender mercies endureth forever——"

"Open the door, —— you, or we'll set the torches to it, and burn you out!"

"Protect us, O God——"

The light lock yielded, and the old door broke down. With a roar the mob rushed in. They were not over sixteen, but they seemed sixty, storming into the little room. They were all masked, and all armed to the teeth.

Before the sight which met his eyes the leader of the posse fell back. He was a tall, powerful fellow, evidently by nature a commander, and the men fell back behind him.

"For Christ's sake, Amen," said the parson. He rose from his knees, and his wife rose with him. The two old people confronted the desperadoes silently. When the leader came closer to them he saw that the Rev. Mr. Matthews' hands were both occupied. With the left he grasped the hand of his wife; in the right he held his rusty pistol. The hymn-book had fallen to the floor; but

the family Bible had been reverently laid with care upon the lounge, its leaves yet open at the ninety-first psalm.

"Gentlemen," said the parson, speaking for the first time, "I would not seem inhospitable, but the manner of your entering has perturbed my wife and interrupted our evening prayer, which it is our custom never to cut short for any insufficient cause. Now I am ready to receive you. Explain to me your errand."

"It's a —— short one," said a voice from the gang; "a rope and a tree will explain it easy enough."

"And nothing less!" cried a hoarse man. "We haven't come on any boys' play this time. We've had chase enough to find you for one night."

"That's so. It's no fool's errand, you bet. We ain't a tar-and-feathering party. We mean business."

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" pleaded the parson. He took the hand of his wife as he spoke, and lifted it to his shrunken breast, and held it there, delicately.

It was the piteous instinct of manly protection powerless to protect.

"In the name of civil justice, O my neighbours, wherein have I offended you?"

"That's our business. It's a serious one, too," cried the hoarse man. "Your —— pious prayer-meetings have been a nursery of sentiments we don't approve, that's all. You've admitted a —— darky among respectable white citizens. Come now, haven't you? Own up!"

"Certainly," replied the parson promptly. "There was one coloured brother present at the means of grace on one or two occasions. I regretted that my congregation did not altogether welcome him. He was converted by the mercy of God, beneath my ministrations. Would ye that I denied him the poor benefit of my prayers? Nay, then, as God hears me, I did not, nor I would not."

The old man's dim eyes flashed. He raised his rusty pistol, examined it, and laid it down. Before sixteen well-armed men he began to comprehend the uselessness of his old weapon. He looked upon the array of grotesque and ghastly masks steadily; they rose like a row of demons before his biblically trained imagination. Mr. Matthews believed in demons, in a simple, unquestioning way.

"And you've preached against that which was no business of yours. Come now, own to it! You've meddled with the politics and justice of the State. You have preached against the movements of the Klan—what's left of it. That isn't much. It's done for. We're only a few gentlemen, looking after things on our own hook."

"I own to it," said the parson quietly. "I felt called of heaven to do it. Is that all ye have against me? I pray you, for my wife's sake, who is disquieted by your presence, as you see, to leave us to ourselves and go your way—from under my roof."

"Have him out! Right smart, now!" yelled the hoarse man. "Have him out without more words! A rope! A rope! Where's a rope?"

In a moment there was *mêlée* in the house. Cries arose to the effect that the rope was left in the corn. But a fellow who had been browsing about outside ran in with a rope in his hand and handed it to the hoarse man. The rope was Mrs. Matthews' clothes-line—Hezekiah's reins. The hoarse man gave it to the leader with an oath. The leader seemed to hesitate, and conferred in a whisper with the hoarse man and others; but he was apparently overborne in his hesitation; he took the rope, and advanced with a certain respect to the parson, death in his hand, but who knew what pity in his heart? The mask hid it if any were there. The noise from the gang now increased brutally. Cries, oaths, curses, calls to death resounded through the pure and peaceful room. The hoarse man lassoed the rope, and threw it around the parson's neck. At this moment a terrible sound rang above the confusion.

It was the cry of the wife.

She had possessed herself magnificently up to this time; the Puritan restraint set upon her white, old face; she had not said a word. No murderer of them all had seen a tear upon her withered cheek. But now nature had her way. She flung herself to her knees before the ruffians; then upon her husband's neck; back upon her knees—and so, in a passion wavering between agony and entreaty, pleaded with them. She cried to them for the love of heaven, for the love of God, for the sake of "Jesus Christ His Son, their Saviour," so she put it, with instinct for scriptural phraseology belonging to her devout, secluded life.

The phrase raised a laugh.

She cried to them for the love of their own wives, for the sake of their mothers, by the thought of their homes, for the sake of wedded love, and by his honourable life who had ministered respected among them for nearly thirty years—and by the sacredness of age. In her piteous pleading she continued to give to the murderers, at the very verge of the deed, the noblest name known to the usages of safe and honourable society.

"Gentlemen! *gentlemen!* For the sake of his gray hair! For the sake of an old wife——"

But there they pushed her off. They struck her hands from their knees; they tore her arms from his neck, and so were dragging him out, when the parson said in a clear voice:

"Men!—ye are at least men—give way to the demand of my soul before you hurl it to your Maker. I pray you to leave me alone, for the space of a moment, with this lady, my wife, that we may part one from the other, and no man witness our parting."

At a given signal from the big leader the gang obeyed this request. The men hustled out of the broken door. The leader stood within it.

"Watch 'em! Watch 'em like a lynx!" cried the hoarse man, But the leader turned his back.

"Deborah! Kiss me, my dear. You've been a good wife to me. I think you'd better go to your brother—in New Hampshire—I don't know. I haven't had much time to plan it out for you. Tell him I would have written to him if I had had time. Tell him to take good care of you. Oh—God bless you, my dear. Why don't you speak to me? Why don't you kiss me? Your arms don't stay about my neck—What! Can't hold them there—at this last minute? Pray for me, Deborah. Deborah! why don't you answer me? O my wife, my wife, *my wife!*"

But she was past answering; past the sacred agony of that last embrace. She had dropped from his breast, and lay straight and still as the dead at his feet.

"God is good," said the old man solemnly. "Let her be as she is. I pray you do not disturb her. Leave her to the swoon which He has mercifully provided for her relief at this moment—and do with me as ye will, before she awakens."

A certain perceptible awe fell upon the gang as the old man stepped around the unconscious form of his wife and presented himself in the doorway.

"He seems to be a grateful old cove," said one man in a low voice. "I don't know 's I ever heard a feller in his circumstances give God a good name before."

"No sniveling!" cried the hoarse man. "Have it over!"

They took him out, and arranged to have it over as quickly as might be. It must be admitted that the posse were nervous. They did not enjoy that night's work as much as they had expected to. They were in a hurry now to be done with it and away.

The old man offered no useless resistance. He walked with dignity, and without protest. He limped more than usual. His head was bare. His gray hair blew in the rising wind. The rope was around his neck.

Some one had wheeled out the blue waggon and rolled it under the locust tree. As this was done the old horse whinnied for his master from the stall. The parson was pushed upon the cart. Short work was made of it. As the leader of the gang stooped to help the hoarse man fling the rope over the burned bare limb of the tree, and to adjust the noose about the old man's neck—which he made insistence on doing himself—a mask dropped. It was the face of the chief himself which was thus laid bare, and alas, and behold, it was even no other face than the face of——

"Brother Meminger!" cried the old minister, speaking for the first time since he had been dragged from the house. The leader restored his mask to his downcast face, with evident embarrassment.

"*You!*" said the parson. "I thought," he added gently, "that you had found a Christian hope. You communed with me at the sacrament two weeks ago. I administered it to you. I am—sorry, Brother Meminger."

The fellow muttered something, heaven knew what, and fell back a step or two. Some one else prepared the rope to swing the old man off. He who was known as Brother Meminger dropped

to the rear of the gang, surveyed it carefully, then advanced to his place at the front, nearest to the victim. Every man awaited his orders. He was their chief. They had organized and they obeyed, even in their decline, a military government. There was a moment's pause.

"I would like," said the doomed man gently, "a moment to commend my soul to God."

This was granted him, and he stood with his gray head bowed. His hands were tied behind him. His face was not muffled; it had a high expression. His lips moved. Those who were nearest thought they heard him murmur the first words of the Lord's Prayer. "Hallowed be Thy name," he said, and paused.

He said no more, nor seemed to wish it. So they ranged themselves, every man of them, to swing him off, each standing with both hands upon the rope, which had been spliced by another to a considerable length. He who was called Meminger stood, as he was expected, to give the final order. There were fourteen of them—and Meminger the chief. Beside him stood an idle fellow, masked like the rest, but apparently a servant, a tool of Meminger's, who had especial service for him, perhaps. If the old man struggled too much—or an accident happened—it was well to have an unoccupied hand. Meminger, in fact, had been well-known in the gang for a good while, and was implicitly trusted and obeyed.

In putting their hands to the rope every man of them had of necessity to lay down his arms, both hands being clenched upon the rope, for a strong pull. They meant to break the old man's neck, and be done with it. Really, nobody cared to torture him.

"We're ready," said the hoarse man. "Give the signal, cap'n. Hurry up."

The light of their lanterns and torches revealed the old man clearly—the long arm of the locust above his head—the stormy sky above. Death was no paler than the parson, but he did not struggle.

His lips moved still in silent prayer. His eyes were closed. The men bent to the rope. The chief raised his hand. The last signal hung upon his next motion.

Then there was a cry. Then his mask dropped, and from the face of the man beside him another fell, and it was the face of a negro, obedient and mute. Then the powerful figure of the leader straightened. His familiar eye flashed with a perfectly unfamiliar expression. Two muscular arms shot out from his body; each hand held a revolver sprung at full-cock and aimed.

"*Boys!*" he cried in an awful voice, "*I am an officer of the United States! and the first man of you who lets go that rope,* DROPS!"

In an instant, armed as he was, he covered them, every man of them unarmed and standing as they were. His negro servant sprang to his aid.

"The first man of you who stirs a muscle on that rope dies!" thundered the quasi Brother Meminger. "I am a deputy marshal, authorized by the National Government to investigate and hasten

the disbanding of the Ku Klux Klan, and, in the name of law and order, I arrest you, every man!"

And, in the name of simple wonder and astounding history, it was done. The negro servant, whose person bulged with hidden handcuffs, bound the men, one at a time, fourteen of them, while his master's experienced weapons covered the gang. They behaved with the composure of intelligent and dumbfounded men. One of them ventured an observation. It was the hoarse man. He said: "—— you —— to ——," struggled mightily with his handcuffs, and then held his tongue.

The whole posse, by means of this simple stratagem, and by the help of that cowardice elemental in all brutes, was marched to the nearest sheriff; then delivered intact into the power of the law which the great mass of Tennessee citizens were ready to respect and glad to see defended. The country rang with the deed. Then whispers arose to hush it, for shame's sake. But it crept to Northern ears, and I record it as it was related to me.

"How is it, parson?" said Deacon Meminger with a bright, shrewd smile, as he cut the old man down, and helped him, trembling as he was, to dismount the shaky cart. "How is it, sir? Are you sorry I came to church at your place—now? I thought—under the circumstances—I was bound to save you. I and my darky boy have been ferreting out this thing for a hundred days. I joined 'em the first week I came down here. I came on from Washington to do it. We mean to make a thorough job of it—and I guess we've done for 'em, this time. You'll excuse me, sir, but I've got to get 'em to the sheriff, and—I'd go back and see my wife, if I were you."

She came to herself and to her misery soon enough, lying there upon the floor beside the lounge. The first thing which she saw distinctly was the Bible, opened at the psalm which has calmed more souls in shocks of danger, and in the convulsions of lawless times, than any other written words known to the literatures of the race.

But the first thing which she heard was his precious voice, pitched low, and modulated tenderly, so as not to frighten her.

"Deb-orah! Deb-orah! Don't be scared, my dear. They have not hurt me—and I'm coming back to you."

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

Dews of the night are softly shed;
I hear the sheep-bells ring their chime;
Oh, heart of mine! be quieted—
God will give rest at evening-time.

Look thou these earthly shades above,
Where glory gleameth far and wide;
High over all is fadeless love—
God doth give light at eventide.

THE LAST YEAR OF ZENAIDE L.

BY MARION ISABEL GIBSON.*

In the city of Paris the landlords are compelled to build their houses in keeping with the rest of the street, and, because ground is expensive, the uniform height is from four to six storeys. In the poor quarters there are ten or twelve doors at each landing, each door representing a family, and it is not unusual to find from fifty to sixty families in one big house.

The landlord gives the charge of the house into the hands of a certain important individual termed the concierge. This individual, most often a woman, is entrusted with the washing of the pavement outside the house, the opening of the big front door, the letting of the apartments, and the delivery of letters to the occupants of the flats. In return for these services she gets her rent. It may not seem an advantageous bargain for the latter, and yet it is said they make a good thing out of it. The tenants are expected to employ them in various ways, and also to "tip" them from time to time to keep them in good humour. And indeed it behooves the people of Paris to keep their concierges in good humour, for truly it is in the power of the woman at the door, however unimportant she may look, to mar the peace of every family in her house. Woe unto the unhappy tenants who may happen to get into her bad books! She can keep their letters, withhold their telegrams, turn away visitors, corrupt their servants and fill their lives with petty annoyances. Happy the landlord, especially the fifty-room landlord, who has not to spend his life settling disputes between his lodgers and the employees.

In our visiting among the poor in Paris we hear terrible complaints against them. There is much to be said on both sides. For our part we have found them agreeable and pleasant. I want to introduce you to the charming concierge of No. 118 Rue L. Batignolles.

She had a smile for everybody, was known to have carried soup to the poor lodgers, and had often pleaded with the landlord about their rent. I came across her first on this wise.

Our meetings of the Rue Clairaut needed looking up, and we mapped out Rue L. as one of the streets to be canvassed. Canvassing meant going from house to house visiting the concierges at the door, trying to secure their good-will, leaving notices of the meeting and asking them to make it known to the lodgers We went as perfect strangers, and as Protestants upholding tenets which they had been taught in childhood to avoid and hate: and yet, with the exception of one woman, we were received with quite a degree of cordiality and pleasantness.

*Miss Gibson is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gibson, Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission in Paris. She made many friends in Canada during her last visit here.—Ed.

When we came to No. 118 Rue L. we found the little laughing woman, whose acquaintance I wish you to make, sewing with two other women. They listened to us with great interest. Mme. C. asked us to sit down and read, and when the evangelist, after speaking to all three earnestly about their souls, offered to pray with them, she assented with pleasure. As we were going away she said, "Who knows but that the good God sent you? Maybe you have brought good luck into the house!"

A few weeks after our visit, one frosty morning early in January, 1890, this same little woman was busy in her "loge" paring the potatoes and washing the salad for the midday meal, when the door opened. There stood in the doorway a tall, well-dressed woman, of about forty-five, with a face of stony grief, who said in an almost sobbing voice, "What is the price of the room to let?" "150 francs, Madame." "Let me see it."

"For whom can that belle bourgeoise be getting the attic; not surely for herself," thought the little woman, as she returned to her salad washing, after showing the attic on the sixth floor to the unusual-looking visitor.

That afternoon the furniture arrived. Two handsome lamps, a pretty worktable of rosewood, a mahogany wardrobe and bed. And with the furniture came the "belle bourgeoise."

In the evening you might have heard the friends of Mme. C. discussing in the loge below the strange new tenant.

"How did you pick up the new number 42, Marie? She seems to have a demon. I sent Charlot to look through the keyhole when we heard those groans, and she was thumping the table; I shall be afraid to leave Jeanne and Henri playing on the landing when I go to my lessive; if she is about, she might kill them. Oh, her eyes are wicked!"

"Yes, and the gentry are capable of such things, you know," said Job's comforter, in the shape of the brawny wife of the ex-communist M., of room No. 44.

"I've an idea," said the first speaker. Don't you remember, Marie," turning to our little concierge, "those people who came and made prayers in this room that day? You might send your bourgeoise there. They are good people, and preach with fervour, allez!" "Yes, it is just the thing for lunatics!" laughed the communist. The pot-au-feu had to be seen to, hungry husbands were coming home, and the conversation ended.

It was a familiar meeting that evening in No. 20 Rue Clairaut Batignolles, as the Saturday meetings generally are.

The evangelist asked someone in the congregation to give out a hymn, and a little boy from the back seats piped out the hymn he wanted. No one turned round, it occasioned no surpise. When the Gospel had been read, and the short, earnest talk ended, several testimonies were heard from different parts of the room; then a young girl sang, after which those who wished to be prayed for were requested to present their petitions. Several arose, "For my husband," said one, "he is in the hospital;" "For my sister not yet saved," said another.

Then there arose from the end of the hall a woman whose manner of rising and general demeanor drew all eyes to her. Her face was pale, and had an expression of defiance as well as of grief; her figure was tall and commanding, her jacket of faded silk was profusely covered with beads, and the bonnet, which crowned several neat rolls of iron-gray hair, was stylish, and gave her a well-dressed appearance. "Messieurs, mesdames, if you believe in the good God, I want you to pray that all my enemies may be duly punished, and that my position may be restored to me, and then I will render Him my homage." The evangelist said very solemnly, "we may not make bargains with the Lord in this way. He prayed for His enemies on the cross, and surely, madame, it is only inasmuch as we try to be like Him and forgive our enemies that we can be forgiven ourselves. Had you not better pray for yourself?"

She shook her head, "Not I, thank you!" and her laugh was hard and grating.

When asked by one of the workers if she would like to be visited, she answered curtly, "My position is too altered to allow of my receiving visitors," then with some kindness in her tone, "that will not hinder my coming again." She *did* come again. Winter evenings had to be spent somewhere, and better far a little warmth and brightness among those honest fanatics than chill and loneliness in the sixth story attic, No. 42, of No. 20 Rue L. But though she sat among us, she drew her garments around her and always isolated herself. When the meeting closed, she was always the first to hurry away through the weary winter. The words of the fanatics, however, did not fall upon a heart wholly unprepared to receive their truth.

"The world is false and fickle." "I know that," her embittered heart would assent. "Christ is a sure salvation and a sure refuge; those who put their trust in Him are not confounded." "Would I knew Him then," she would ejaculate, and with a longing heart would join her voice in the solemn tune of "Rock of Ages."

The lives of the fanatics taught her new things. She saw men and women who suffered want and persecution, and who yet rejoiced in God.

And so it came to pass that when the winter was awaking into lovely spring, and out of the bulb coffins were bursting fragrant flowers, and out of the dead stalks living green—a similar miracle, not less sure, was being wrought in the spiritual world. A soul once dead in trespasses and sins was now awakening unto God and unto righteousness.

The miracle astonished the *lessiveuse* (washerwoman) and the communist; those neighbours who had set in judgment on her at her first arrival, and above all, our little concierge, who intercepted us as we were making our way to the attic, no longer forbidden.

"We all say it in the house, she is changed from a demon to an

angel. This week she told us how 'comme ça,' she had got reconciled to the good God; but Mme. M. says she never swears now, and her face looks as though a rich relation had died and left her a fortune. But you must not have all the credit before the good God about it. I helped to gain my part of Paradise by sending her to you!"

We had a good time in that attic. Mme. L. told me about coming home from the meeting, nearly a week ago, when she had at last forsaken her pride and asked for the prayer to be made that the Saviour should take away her sins, how the feeling of shame terrified her going home. It seemed as if the people who passed her looked her through and through, and knew all her life. "But as soon as I opened the door, the room seemed ablazon with light; I saw the Saviour," she said to me, "and as though a voice distinctly said it quite near where I sank on my knees and asked pardon, 'I have redeemed you, you are mine.' And now the sky is changed, the street is changed, people's faces are changed. I have written to my brother, asking him to write to my poor old parents and say I have repented, and also to Mme. C. and Mr. L., to tell them my curses can follow them no more, they are pardoned. That strong hatred that burnt me up is all gone now. It is as though a fever had left me, and I was in a pleasant dream."

Then with eyes full of tears she referred, in a few words, to her past life. The story was one which we hear but too often in our work among the poor in Paris. Her father had been well off, and she, Zenaide L., the present occupant of the attic, had servants and governesses round her; André, her rich and handsome brother, whom I had seen, and who refused to help poor Zenaide for fear of being cut off by the parents, was her chief companion through those innocent days of childhood—they played in their father's fields together. He then went to the lycée, and Mademoiselle Zenaide was sent to school. Then life began for her—*la vie!* Pierre D—, who had the Casino in P—, somehow took her heart. She was persuaded to run away with him, and was utterly cut off by her mortified parents. It did not succeed. When he left her she had married the theatre manager of a fair—they were very rich. Some intriguing people had speculated with their money, sowed discord between herself and her husband's family. "They swore my ruin and they accomplished it. At his death I was left bankrupt and not a soul to go to. But what say I? my ruin! no, my salvation came out of it. If I had not been driven to despair I should not have come to the workman's quarters to find a covering for my head. I should not have gone to number 20 Rue L.; I should never have been induced to spend my winter evening hearing about God, if my spirit had not been broken first. I see now that my God, who sent Jesus to speak those words to me, loved me from the beginning. Mademoiselle," she continued dramatically, "I have known the adulation of the world in my day; I was beautiful. I was surrounded by flatterers in the

Casino. Where are they now? Was there one to whom in my poverty I could go? At the court, when I first made my terrible plunge into the world, Napoleon III. told me I was one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. I am weary and ugly now, but I have found a home and a peace I never knew, and a kindness I never knew, and a Saviour who has pardoned me, *even me.*"

The last time I saw Mme. L. she was sitting up in bed reading her Testament. The Book was her constant companion. She always told us how she ran to it when her sewing, with which she earned barely enough to keep herself alive, was ready to be put away for the day. Great tears were falling on the Book that afternoon; she could scarcely think of what she was reading. She told me she was in great pain. "You must go to the hospital," I said, really frightened at the change in her appearance. "Nay," she exclaimed. "My God! must I be humbled so? I would rather die of starvation here!" But after a while she added, "But no! if you want me to go," shutting her eyes half prayerfully, "I submit. Do as Thou wilt with me—I deserve much worse—I will yet cling to Thee!"

I wrote a letter to the charity doctor, and taking it to the Bureau de Bienfaisance, placed it among the numerous other missives awaiting their turn. When M. *le docteur* came, he ordered her at once to the hospital Beaujon, pronouncing her case to be one of cancer.

Mme. L.'s patience and gentleness soon won the heart of the poor *infirmière*, who had been a Sister of Charity, and had much religious feeling. It was the beginning of February, of last year, 1891, that I received the following account from one of our Bible women of the final call home of the dear prodigal who had heard the Father's pardoning voice: "I had been visiting in the afternoon of January 24th, and was returning home, when I heard the Spirit tell me, 'Go to Beaujon!' I got into the Lavilette tramway straightway and was soon there. The nurse came up to me. 'Are you from the Conférence? I am glad! Our malade *No. 20* (poor, pretty Mme. Zenaide! did you ever dream you would lose your name and become a number?) has been asking for you; go quick, she has not much time.' When I neared the bed the signs of death were upon our dear sister—she smiled when she saw me. 'Thank you, Jesus,' she said audibly, with her hands clasped. 'I am going to depart,' turning to me. 'I wanted to live till M. and Mme. G. returned from America. I wanted to thank them again; but you must tell all those who did me good I prayed for them with my last breath.' Then she raised herself and gave directions about her little legacies, leaving us all some little thing, not forgetting Mme. C—, the concierge. She asked me to go and see her brother—he is a grand, rich gentleman—and tell him to repent. Then she said, 'Pray.' I prayed, full of emotion, I forgot where I was—I seemed to be standing at the brink of Jordan with our dear sister. When I

ceased, three of the nurses were standing around, and the patients were stretching their heads to hear. We then sang a hymn together. One could have heard a pin drop. We sang, 'Jésus mis a mort pour moi, Je trouve un refuge en toi,' etc.

"Our sister's face seemed to have a glow upon it as she sang. 'He is *sure*, it is good to belong to Him in this hour. He is a strong refuge, I am in Him, tell them all at the Salle I do not say a final good-bye, only *Au revoir,* we will meet up there, it will be beautiful, yes, beautiful.' Her voice was getting very low, and she began whispering a prayer. I could only hear the word, 'Jésus!' Then she became unconscious.

"It was a quarter past three when I left the hospital. When I returned in the evening the nurse told me she had died at four o'clock. Tears were in her eyes. A few hours ago, she told me, a woman at the end of the other ward died cursing and blaspheming. Faith does make a difference, *tout-de-même.* Mme. L. had a trust I have never seen before; we will miss her singing about the good God of heaven. It makes one's faith almost come back to see such a strong faith as hers, *allez!*"—*Union Signal.*

IN HIS CONTROL.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Thus far, no further, shall thy proud waves come!"
So spake the Voice that ruled the flowing tide,
And straight the ebb begun. With haughty crest,
Billow on billow, rushing up the shore,
Paused for an instant ere the mark was reached,
Trembled, and prostrate fell.
Full well we know
That He who stays the ocean with a word,
And metes its waters in His mighty hand,
Controls each wave of trial and of pain
That threatens to engulf us. Oh! be brave,
Our fearful hearts, heed not the chilling touch;
Be trustful, O our souls, though not one ray
Relieve the clouds which mantle us in gloom.
"Thus far, no further." Soon the ebb will come,
And harmlessly the threatening waves recede.
Omnipotence not rules alone, but loves,
And we are safe. The clouds which wrap us round
Not only hide the light, but come between
Ourselves and danger. Let us then be still
And watch and listen. Soon the Voice which bid
The darkness fall, will sweetly reach our ears;
The hand which drew its heavy folds so close
Will loosen them and gently lead us out
To light for ever.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF METHODISM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY THE REV. J. H. BATT.

The present status of Methodism, which is one of power and influence, of opportunity and responsibility, is the result of the work of God, through its agency, and is therefore a fact to recognize, to His glory. An organized Christian community, representing a Protestant Church both wide-spread and compact, such as Methodism is, constitutes an important part of the existing generation of men, and is a considerable factor in determining the character of the next. Œcumenical Methodism is before us—a Protestant Evangelical Church, variously expressed in outward form, having great power of adaptation to national character, the facility of shaping itself to environment without weakening its individuality or sacrificing its integrity, which is one sign of vital persistence; having on its surface a vigorous dissimilarity and freedom, and underneath an unmistakable unity of foundation. Methodism is a part of the web of life among the highest commonwealths of the last century's creation. It is a constituent of present-day life in England, in our colonies and extensive mission-fields, and, as is evident, still more extensive in this country. In calculating the forces that are shaping the present and the future for humanity, it has to be reckoned with, and should—more particularly on such an occasion as this—solemnly reckon with itself before God.

Its present position has become what it is as the direct fruit of the work it has done, and is to be maintained and improved by doing the same work still under new conditions which have to be fearlessly and intelligently admitted into the calculation. The mission of Methodism is to all people whom it can reach with the gospel, whether rich or poor, lowly or exalted. Standing side by side with other Churches of Christ before the ruthless judgment of the world, this is its justification and the reason of its existence. It includes all men in its prayerful purpose of love, and would win all to Christ. It everywhere takes the status of the class among whom it succeeds; high and influential, if it wins its way among the wealthy and cultured who command attention and exert an influence on currents of thought and action, in literature, commerce, and politics; lowly and obscure, if it do its work for Christ, as it generally does, in the midst of the poor and the unknown. Methodism is indifferent to status; its work is to save men; its status the accident of circumstances or the result of success—not with it a primary consideration. It is not so proud that it affects independence of any. It aims to reach the great and noble, and is content, for Christ's sake, in the rough opinion of men, to be thought ambitious. It seeks out the lowly among the people, and is willing, for Christ's sake (if need were), to bear the stigma of being base. In speaking of its present status, it is to be observed that it goes up with the people it elevates. Its work creates its rank. It weakens not. Where it sees a human being, of whatever rank or language, it sees a soul to save and a life to win for Christ. Distinctions of rank fade out of view in the presence of the cross of the Son of Man.

How it ranks is a question not of first magnitude with us; and is one we are content to leave from time to time to the decision of events. The question of faithfulness to our work is one of more vital consideration. Only this much we humbly affirm: Methodism does not desire to enter any department of life where Christ cannot enter.

Though Methodism seeks not rank, it, of necessity, takes some kind of a position among men. And on the present occasion we delight to recognize that, after one hundred and fifty years of activity, it had so worked itself into the blood of the nation, that, whether allowed of its opponents or no, it is, under God, a vigorous and healthful agent in the formation, movement, and destiny of modern life in England.

If asked how it has made for itself the place it holds in the modern world, my answer also in part is, that the best elements of Church-life were fused to create the compound which forms its constitution. I can see in Methodism, broadly interpreted, a trace of Puritanism, of Presbyterianism, of Anglicanism—the plainness and definiteness of Puritanism, the organization and coherence of Presbyterianism, the spiritual radiance and sense of the supernatural of the best side of the Anglican Church. The three elements, Puritan, Presbyterian, Anglican, were woven together by an Invisible Hand, and the result is "the threefold cord."

To recur to my first metaphor: These elements were fused to make Methodism, and since the agent present to make a fusion of elements must be more powerful than the elements brought together and united, we reverently acknowledge that the power in this instance was the power of the Holy Ghost. Into these compound elements was introduced one that was new, at least new at the period in the Church in my country when it was called into action, and that element was a fervent spirit of evangelism which was all its own; and if not limited to it to-day—and we rejoice to say it is not—then it is largely because of the success of Methodism in diffusing itself abroad as an invigorating influence far beyond its own distinct fields. Methodism, with Puritanism, gives prominence to definiteness and certitude in theology and teaching; albeit it has helped to liberate theology from the restrictions of Calvinism, and give to it a wider interpretation, yet at the same time, not decrying the spiritual side of Calvinism, but recognizing equally with it what was always present to the mind of Calvin, namely, that there is a shaping Divine Hand traceable in the Church and the world, making of the Church the body of Christ, and of the world the vehicle of God's eternal purpose. With Presbyterianism, Methodism recognizes the strength which lies in Church organization and representative centralization, and the consequent concerted enterprise readily available for work deliberately planned, or for situations of sudden emergency. With Anglican Episcopacy, Methodism has come to give position to the ministry it calls out, and dignity and solemnity to the means and communion of grace.

Whilst separating these brightly coloured strands in tracing the threads of Methodism, we owe it to historical accuracy to say that, however, they all, first and last, ran on the surface in turn in the weaving in each of these three leading manifestations of Church-life in England. It may be said, too, that the language and ardour of the evangelical Mystics have often had a fascination for the best minds of Methodism. Methodism as it has developed has proved to be a fusion of inextinguishable elements of

Church-life extant at the time when it began its wonderful career, moved by an agency that lies beyond us and is of God, to which is added a simplicity and glow of life and movement that gave it its first distinction among the Churches. Churches that are contemporary to-day with Methodism freely acknowledge its quality. Congregationalism feels its want of the conventional principle. The Church of England claims that it has taken up into itself much of the spirit and action of Methodism; Salvationists that they are the living instance to-day of Methodism as religion on fire. The fabled beauty of Helen of Troy, in the Greek mythology, was said to be so universal that all persons claimed relationship to her; Methodism has enough that is œcumenical in it to secure a tribute of praise from widely different sources; perhaps because they see so much of their own best expressed in it. Methodism is catholic, with a foundation in personal experience; liberal, with, in its best sense, a fixed theology. It unites conventional authority with sufficient liberal independence. It is orderly, yet no longer calls aggressive home-mission effort "irregular," because spontaneous and outside official sanction, which was the mistake made when the movement originated which gave birth to my own denomination, and threw "the people called Bible Christians" outside the Wesleyan Methodist Church—for the time. To-day our Wesleyan Methodist friends would not ban such effort as "irregular," but bless and label it "a forward movement." I said that Methodism is a fusion of inextinguishable elements of Church-life extant at the time when it began its career. This is a part of the reason why I think that its present position is secure and its future of service assured. It will never drop out of its place in history, because itself in modern Church-life is a part of history already made, and I will add of history yet in the making as well.

At the same time, I am free to admit that there are tendencies of life and thought existing in England to-day that are calculated to greatly discount our positions and prospects. I would name the intellectual attitude assumed toward the whole question of the supernatural, including the problem of the date of the origin, structure, and authority of the Scriptures. There is also the terrible pomp and pride of wealth, the idolatry of caste, the indifference to spiritual things engendered by material prosperity and ease, the truculent scepticism and rough hostile resoluteness of many of our toilers. Contemporary with various phases of scepticism, exist developments of superstition under the claims of sacerdotalism, which throw a formidable barrier across the path of Methodism and all other Protestant Evangelical Churches, the absorbing sense of uncertainty and change consequent upon the theoretical pulling to pieces of existing governing arrangements in numerous departments of life—I say "theoretical," because a practical settledness and love of remaining in possession of what has proved to be trustworthy, a sagacity and mother-wit, exist, which will be our safeguard, and prevent any serious and general attempt to put the new theories into practice. Besides which there are in the air other forces of change which are entirely commendable. In view of them all, we have no fear. The shaping Divine Hand is present. Methodism to-day is what it is as the result of its own work, and not of any foregoing purpose or thought of man. The first half of the last century when Methodism arose was the darkest period of British history since the Reformation. Wise spirits sought to barricade England against the terrible invasion of

corrupt life, which came up on every side. It was the time of the plague of forms of uncleanness in Europe, "in all their coasts," as in another Egypt, and England did not escape. The whole Christian Church has come to see that the rod was in the hand of Methodism which stayed the encroachment on the very hearth of the mother-country, of the Anglo-Saxon race. Who knows how much the entire English-speaking people of the world owe to this fact to-day? Methodism was taken up with its mission in the divine absorption of a divine power. Its strength still lies in the same concentration, and in consecration before the same Holy Presence. There is no self-protection for religious communities where there is only thought of it; laying ourselves out in Christ's name is our surest defence. So the first Methodists found. Doing good is our best protection from infection of soil. We thank God for the past. We thank God equally for the present. We thank Him in confident hope for the day of blessing that is to be for mankind in Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world. Fellow-Methodists the world over, our Master is One; and we are all brethren.

ON THE WAY.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

Jesus, the way is sometimes dreary,
And I am sore distressed;
I falter, and am often weary,
Be Thou my rest.

Dark thunder-clouds are hanging o'er me,
And darker grows the night;
I cannot see one step before me,
Be Thou my light.

The path is strange: I go not knowing
What evil may betide;
Or whether right the way I'm going,
Be Thou my guide.

The way is long, my strength is failing,
I may not reach the fold;
O love, with mighty love prevailing,
Thy child uphold.

So shalt Thou banish pain and sadness
Along the toilsome way;
And I shall walk in growing gladness
From day to day.

I feel Thy life my life enfolding,
Thy foot keeps step with mine;
And I am safe, while Thou art holding
My hand in Thine.

Victoria, B.C.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CHURCH.*

BY REV. WILLIAM GORMAN,

(Of the Irish Conference.)

In the haste of fleeting minutes I take my entire contribution to this theme of unsurpassed interest, and enshrine it in a symbol. On those happy occasions when two lives unite at the altar, there comes a throbbing moment when the officiator pronounces the words of woman's Great Friend, "That which God has joined, let no man put asunder." As a still, small voice that is being heard far, especially in the last few decades, the old order changeth in nothing more than in the emancipation of woman from the thraldom of ages, and her enfranchisement in the kingdom of God. And there was due need. Jehovah Elohim had placed at man's side his counterpart, his reflected image to complete the one divine similitude. Heavenliest evolution out of man had endowed her with finest fitness to be, with him, God's vicegerent. "Let *them* have dominion;" "a help-meet," and a *fortiori* highest in the highest.

The male appreciation of the gift is testified by the age-long clanking of her chains; and if fetters gall most when they afflict our nature at its noblest, and restrain its sublimest action, then her bondage has been specially emphasized in the Church of God. I have hope that the moral influence of this great Council shall tend to the removal of her last disability, and the placing of her in the realm of Christian work *by the side of man!*

That restoration has indeed little now to reckon with, save "some things hard to be understood" by some in "our beloved brother Paul"—but (and I bow reverently to the theologians of this august assembly) when he is interpreted to teach woman's personal equality and her social subordination; that the assertion of Christian liberty is not to violently shock the taste of the prevalent culture, let it be Attic or American; that masculine authority in teaching is not to be usurped when his wise word, "Doth not even nature itself teach you?" is accepted as the canon for the differentiation of function; when we have turned upon his pages the lamp of those "other Scriptures" which invest woman with the very prerogatives which his words are supposed to withhold, the residue is the resistless conviction that woman's work and man's are one—his, broadest in the public arena; hers, mightiest and peerless in the home. But the distinction is not of essence, but of degree. The limitations of the one coincide with the enlargements of the other; but all departments of Christian service are dominated by this imperial device: "Neither is the man without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the Lord."

Hence "sisterhoods," save indeed some so sweet and sacred as have been represented here to-day, fail of the ideal, and so of permanence. The holy home of which the Church is but enlargement and antitype, is in its outgoings to cleanse and uplift society, or the bell of doom may ring.

Woman's fitness to be comprehensively man's co-worker needs no vindi-

*An address given at the Œcumenical Conference, Washington.

cation in this hour of our age ; it has heaven's seal. Handicapped though she has been by cruel custom, her distinctive gifts have found the high places of literature, science, and art. In medicine, at the bar, in all philanthropies, she has proved herself prepared to be not a "whit behind the chiefest" of her lords. But she stands outside the gate—the very gate that should open to her of its own accord. She was with the van in the revival of learning. She sat in the chairs of Greek and mathematics and anatomy in Italian universities—yea, sits on thrones, and makes them no less regal—but as touching certain council chambers of the Church which pre-eminently need the feminine gift, the Mary Somervilles and Harriet Stowes and Barrett Brownings are exercising the "meekness of wisdom" in the porch.

And there is another gate for which, though it opens, I bespeak a somewhat widening push ; namely, social address and prayer. Her notable endowments, appearance, voice, tenderness, persuasiveness, all crowned with a faith and devotion which man not always parallels, are too grudgingly accepted in the worship and edification of the Church. May I touch a paradox ? An able and honoured episcopal hand writes her this testimonial : "She is certainly an efficient—I think the most efficient—medium of the Divine influence. Her delicacy of organization, her magnetic energy, her deep insight into spiritual realities, the unselfishness of her affection, give woman easy access to man's noblest nature, and marvellous power over the heart of every child." And yet, both by the writer and by some of the very princes of Israel, that "access" must be only to the unit, and that "marvellous power" limited to the "domestic meetings of the Church." Strange ! She may bring all her graces to the altar but the charm of her speech ; may write the Gospel, sing the Gospel ; may fling it on the canvas to ease her of the burning burden, but not "preach" it. She may teach her son to do it, as all the colleges of East and West could not ; may even help her husband in his sermons ; Priscilla may be theological tutor to the brilliant Alexandrian exegete and flaming preacher ; but when the tent-room is cleared for worship, she sinks into "silence with all subjection !" I have no lot in Spiritualism, and I speak without instructions from Paul ; but I fancy that he shudders to find his sagacious words of A.D. 58, or so, narrowed into the anachronisms of 1891. Corinth, the standard for Washington ; London, but a modern Ephesus ! But all the instincts of our glad evangel hail the Susannah Wesleys and the Mary Fletchers of our time—names too numerous and some too near to-day for mention, wealthy in God's choicest gifts.

"Their element is motherhood," it is said, and it is the very truth. Reduce its sweetness and emphasis, and you drape the ark of God with sackcloth. But "motherhood" is the divinest inflection of the word of peace, too often absent from the masculine message.

And we are sensitive for her "gentleness ;" but the danger lurks in the prejudice which forces her to self-assertion, an attitude without elegance even in man. And that there should be need of organizations of women for the freedom of woman is a blot which the Church of these latter days should wipe out.

And there are deprecatory whispers as to "a womanly sphere." It is in her Father's business, and in her Saviour's track. If there be a human

hell, it is the battle-field, and she stands by the camp ambulance as an angel of God. See her bending over a poor fellow who has a short hold of life now. She has dressed his wounds and soothed his pain, and she is pouring into his closing sense "the story:" teaching him the language of another world, "unto Him that loved us." You would not forbid her! You would not, if you were his mother!

The duty of the hour is an ungrudging welcome of woman to her work in the Church—no doors shut to her because of the crime of being a woman! The measure of entrance, largely indicated by her physique—is in the care of the "same spirit" that distributed the gifts. In that care, problems of exquisite delicacy, and that resent dogmatic handling, will resolve themselves in the action of life. Some are sufficiently simple. Is "woman in the pulpit" obnoxious? The solution is mechanical. Let the pulpit be taken, and the woman left. Be there questions of ordination and administration, they are not of the essence, but of accident, and they shrivel into unimportance in face of the fact that the "children of this world" have flung all its doors open wide. The opera places no ban; Deistic and impure fiction clear her way; Theosophy bids her welcome! Shall the feet of the sisters of my Lord "bring glad tidings" or tread the stage? Shall their role be that of Madame Blavatsky, or of Elizabeth Fry? Shall they follow Annie Besant in her wanderings, or Catherine Booth in her heroic devotion? These are alternatives that "may give us pause."

And it is salutary to note the trend of history. As the race drifted from the old altars, in that measure was the denial of her proper place, and the track of that denial is strewn with wreck. Paganism: the word is a synonym for her perdition of life. Heresy, as it grew grotesque and foul —as amongst Eucratites and Severians—denied her a share in the Divine similitude. The apostasy, that woman can do little good and much harm, was a principle that grew with the advancing corruptions of the Church of Rome. As the race returns, led back by Jesus to purity and to God, she has welcome *entree*. As religion flourished, so did her liberties; as it decayed, they decayed. A pure Hebraism placed her higher than did any former cultus; as it driveled into Rabbinism, she sank.

In mediæval Christianity she was of small account. She rose with the Reformation. Methodism has been the Zerubbabel of her liberty, and will, I trust, put on the top-stone.

And if the great revival of these latter days, for which myriads of the sacramental hosts agonize, is to be wide and deep and permanent, its theology full-orbed and tender withal, its social life throbbing with ministries of love; if, in a word, the city of God is to be at once the model and the fashioner of a renovated society, the living human woman must walk free therein.

WHAT good to-day? Have kindly thoughts been cherished?
Have words been spoken full of gentle grace?
Some one been helped, who, but for thee had perished?
Some sad heart seen the sunlight of thy face?

THE QUESTION OF EMPHASIS.

BY A. H. BRADFORD, D.D.

It was once said of an eminent clergyman who had left the faith in which he had been reared, "The trouble with that man is that he emphasizes his doubts rather than his beliefs." The remark was profoundly true, and contained an explanation of the erratic course and dismal failure of many who have given brilliant promise, but whose influence in later years has suffered sad eclipse. The principle stated in that remark holds everywhere; but for the purpose of this article we will consider the question of emphasis in its relation to the individual Christian and the Christian minister.

Phillips Brooks has an impressive sermon on "The Positiveness of the Divine Life." The work of the world calls for convictions rather than negations. The only way to get rid of evil is by crowding it out with good. A million men in a century could not empty a room of darkness; but a child opening a door can dispel it in a second.

In the individual experience, if there is either satisfaction or growth, emphasis must be placed on certainties rather than on things concerning which there is uncertainty and unbelief. A simple illustration will make this plain. A man begins to think of what puzzles him in the Bible: How could a serpent talk? How could an ass speak? How could a whale have swallowed Jonah? How could Jesus have commanded spirits to enter into the "pigs of Gadara?" How could the evidence be sufficient to attest the resurrection? Gradually these questions grow until they crowd out all thoughts except those of their own kind, such as doubt of the divinity of the historic Christ and of the canon of the New Testament. If emphasis is on what seems to be its incongruities in the nature of things, that which is of vital importance in the Bible will be overlooked. Knowledge and spirituality are not identical. Emphasis on what is doubted sooner or later leads to absolute negation. It is not worth while to deny an error if there is no truth to put in its place. Emphasis on vital truths, however few they may be, if mixed with reverence, is sure to enlarge and ennoble manhood. Does that man dwell much on the thought of God? He will live as if there were a God. Is love with him the supreme privilige? He will live a life of love. Does he exalt loyalty to conscience and purity of heart? He is sure to prove it by conduct. Does he really believe in brotherhood? He will be a brother to all men.

Half of the misery of the world is the result of meditation on aches and pains rather than on health and comfort. Most enmity between individuals arises from emphasis on mistakes rather than on attempts to do right. Not many who have been brought up on the Bible would become infidels if, instead of wasting time on the serpent, Jonah, Balaam's ass and the evidence of the miraculous which is eighteen hundred years old, they would fasten thought to love and service, to purity of heart and the spirit of brotherhood—which are the signs of the Christ who is living and a power in this nineteenth century. If he will change his emphasis he will find himself in sympathy with Christ and His true followers.

The effect of wrong emphasis on the part of ministers is manifest in various ways. It makes positive preaching impossible. How can he whose "stock in trade" is what he does not believe about the structure and authorship of the Bible, teach the truth in the Bible so as to help anybody? Whatever its structure, and whoever wrote it, it contains something which the world needs. Let that something be emphasized. It is important for me to know who wrote Hebrews, but it is imperative that I have the Christian rather than the pagan idea of suffering and sacrifice. Any one can doubt; what the world needs is honest, genuine men with honest, genuine beliefs.

Those who emphasize what they do not believe are almost always unjust to others. They fancy that what they disbelieve must of necessity be false; it is but a step from that to denunciation of those who differ, and but one step more to utter uselessness in the pulpit. He who denounces the honest belief of any sincere and able man is both a bigot and a fool, whether he be liberal or conservative in theology. Most of the spiritual fruitlessness in certain pulpits results from expositions of doubt, and denunciations of those who differ. He who is denounced can seldom be helped. Those who have little Gospel to preach except the evils of Calvinism, the narrowness of the fathers, the absurdity of believing in the Bible as unique; who make men of straw for the purpose of knocking them down, do inconceivable harm; they misrepresent Christianity—which is a life and not a creed; for they constantly insist that it is a creed, or is believed to be. The fact is that few churches make doctrinal tests for membership; neither the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist nor the Episcopalian denomination, and not all Congregational churches, require subscription to creeds from those entering their fellowship. Mechanical theology has a larger place in the imagination of many ministers than in the churches, and in my opinion is not worth the attention it receives. Life and growth will always crowd out mechanisms if they are allowed to do so, and most of us in the pulpit had better leave to the living Spirit the task of destroying that which, after all, would soon die of its own falsity if left to itself.

The world has positive needs. Human hearts are eager to know whether there is any answer to the soul's profoundest longings. Is there a Being, with sympathy, behind phenomena, with His hand on the wheel of events? Is there any sure way in which duty may be known? How can he who has violated his knowledge of God become reconciled to Him? Does human existence cease forever when the cold thuds sound on the coffins of those whom we love? These questions will be asked until someone answers them; and most of us do not care what our teachers think about Calvinism or the historic episcopate, but we do want to know whether any one has heard a voice giving a credible answer to these external questions. The pulpit which is more anxious about clearing away theological underbrush left by a former generation than in bringing the people to the tree of life is a failure and a nuisance. Can anyone tell me about God? Let him speak what I need to hear, and leave Jonah and Balaam's ass to those who have nothing more important than answering Biblical conundrums. I believe that the Gospel is broad enough and liberal enough to reach the whole human race. I have no use for those who limit the love of God, or who think that wisdom and spiritual insight died either with the Apostle

Paul or John Calvin; and yet I can see no reason for the existence of a pulpit which occupies itself with doubts and denials, with raising questions which it never answers, while millions are asking for that knowledge of God which is eternal life. Either we have something to preach or we have not. If that something is simply undoing the work that has been done in the past, we may comfort ourselves with the assurance that soon someone else will undo our work, and we might as well do nothing. If, on the other hand, from experiences in which we have come face to face with the Father, we go out to tell others of what we have seen and heard, we may be sure that we shall never lack for eager and even breathless hearers.

Pioneer work in theology belongs to specialists—usually theological professors. I do not mean that the ministry should blink hard questions, or that they should not be the leaders of their people; but I do mean that, while the professor has to do with books and theories, the pastor has to do with life. The question for the critic to answer is, What is the structure of the Bible? and the question for the minister, What do the critics and all the people need to satisfy spiritual hunger and stimulate spiritual growth? The minister's question and the critic's are not the same. The one is a specialist in life, and the other in literature. Now, if the ministry make the mistake of thinking that opinions pro or con concerning scientific hypotheses or critical speculations are essential to spirituality, they will be likely to drift from their moorings out to the great wide sea of doubt and denial; and if the people are allowed to think that the divine life in humanity is in any slightest degree dependent on theories of how any books are written, or on special interpretations of those books, they will not be long in following their ministers. The emphasis of the individual Christian and of the Christian minister, should always be on the "abundant life" of the Christ who is living to-day. It is not essential to the spiritual life to hold this view or that concerning the dates of the Pentateuch or the double authorship of Isaiah; and those who put emphasis on such things have need to learn again the first principles of Christianity. Life is first, and doctrine the body which it organizes for itself. Emphasis on that fact will show that many of the sweetest and finest spirits are not outside the fold, as they and many imagine, but instead are most obedient to truth and love—the master forces of all correct thinking and noble living.—*Christian Union.*

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it unto Thee.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture—For Thy sake—
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action, fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

Current Topics and Events.

Reporting Progress.

It is with very great pleasure that we find ourselves once more at our editorial desk. One of the advantages of an excursion of foreign travel is that it makes one eager to return to his wonted work. We believe that we have learned a good deal during our four months' journey in the lands of the Old World, and especially in those lands made sacred evermore by the bodily presence of our Lord. The Land, it has been well said, is the best commentary upon the Book, and we trust we shall be better fitted by our journey for our editorial duties, especially in connection with the Sunday-school periodicals of our Church.

A saying of the Talmud is, "He that knows anything worth communicating and does not communicate it, let him be hanged by the neck." Now, we fully appreciate the privilege that we have enjoyed of treading almost literally in the foot-prints of the great teachers and sages, prophets and kings of olden time, and of visiting the many places hallowed by the life and labours of our Divine Master and Lord. We do not, however, intend to inflict upon our readers a detailed account of all that we have seen, but we shall embrace the opportunity of recounting, briefly, some of the things which have made the most profound impression upon our mind, and which we believe will be of great interest and advantage to our readers.

We are profoundly grateful to the good Providence of God, whereby our entire tourist party have been mercifully preserved, amid many perils and dangers, both by sea and land, in a journey of eighteen thousand miles. And those perils are often of considerable imminence. Through the greater part of Palestine, especially among its more rugged and mountainous regions, there are scarcely any roads deserving of the name. The mountain paths are steep and rugged, strewn with boulders, and are sometimes only the dry bed of the torrent. In climbing over Mount Hermon, at an elevation of nearly a mile above the level of the sea, we were exposed to one of the most bitter storms of rain and hail and sleet we have ever encountered. We were wet to the skin, and chilled to the very marrow of our bones; but were none the worse for our adventure. More than once on these rugged roads our horses slipped and fell, but regaining their feet, scrambled up the steep paths, somewhat like a cat on the roof of a house. One day we were twelve hours in the saddle, and we were often worn and weary, and encountered burning heat and biting cold, and many privations and hardships of travel. These hardships, however, are almost forgotten, but the pleasant memories of visits to the sacred places of the East are an abiding possession forever.

Owing to the admirable postal system, which reaches all parts of the world with more than the hundred arms of Briarius, we were enabled to receive continual files of home papers, and to contribute regularly to almost every one of the periodicals under our charge, and to keep in touch with our many thousand readers in all parts of this great Dominion. We are glad to know that owing to the excellent and trustworthy provision made for the discharging of our home duties these have in no degree suffered during our absence. Almost every one of the nine periodicals under our charge report a large increase in circulation. This is especially true of the new paper for our young people, *Onward*. It reports an increase of 6,698 copies, and has already, in eighteen months from its establishment, attained the very

large circulation of over 32,000 copies per week—a result unequalled in Canadian journalism. We beg to express our hearty thanks to our ministerial brethren and other friends in the Sunday-schools, and in the Epworth Leagues—everywhere springing up into existence, for the kind co-operation which has secured this grand success.

It is true, that on the 31st of March of the current year, the circulation of this magazine, as reported by the Book Steward at the Conferences, showed an apparent decrease of 125 copies, as compared with the same date of the previous year, but the previous year reported an increase of 118, and from April 1st to June 30th of this year 261 subscriptions have been received, much more than making good the deficiency of that date. As a result of rigid economy of management the report of the MAGAZINE for 1892 exhibits an advance upon that of the previous year.

No lesson has impressed itself more strongly upon our mind than the vastly superior advantages that we in Canada enjoy, politically, socially, religiously, educationally, and commercially, over the old lands of the Orient, and the old civilizations of Europe, and even over the United Kingdom, the mother of us all. We shall take opportunity to point out the more striking of these advantages, and shall endeavour, as we have in the past, to cultivate in the minds of all our readers, and especially of our young readers, a feeling of increased appreciation of the signal advantages which they enjoy. We think that this magazine, no less than the other periodicals of our Church, has been a potent factor in cultivating an intelligent patriotism, in furnishing a vehicle in which native writers, of promise and ability, have found a Canadian constituency of readers, and in putting on permanent record an account of the vast extent, of the magnificent resources, the stirring history, and hopeful outlook of this young Dominion which has just celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday, and in publishing a series of specially Canadian stories by the Editor, most of which have been republished in Great Britain, and have reached a very large circulation.

Many other Canadian magazines, appealing for support to the entire community, have been unable to maintain a continued existence; but our own denominational monthly, while frankly and fully Methodist, and appealing for patronage almost exclusively to the Methodist Church, has now reached its eighteenth year and was never more successful than at the present time. In its pages very many Canadian writers first preened their pinions and tried their strength, who subsequently became contributors to high class English and foreign periodicals. In these pages have also been given a more copious pictorial illustration of this broad Dominion from Cape Breton to Vancouver's Island than in any other home or foreign periodical, embracing nearly four hundred engravings of Canadian scenes and persons, and nearly six hundred pages of letter press. As further illustrations of Canadian subjects can be procured, further treatment of these topics will be furnished.

We shall endeavour also to give copious and high-class illustrations of some of the more interesting and unfamiliar scenes of foreign travel, especially of the lands of the Bible. In this we are but imitating the policy of the leading magazines of Great Britain and the United States. And the illustrations which we shall present shall for the most part be in no way inferior in artistic merit to those employed by those high-class and expensive magazines. This line of treatment is all the more important, inasmuch as the religious character of this monthly precludes the employment of the sensational means of attraction, the secular novel, and the sporting and theatrical features which form so conspicuous a part in many of these magazines. We request the continuance, and if possible, the increase of that kind and cordial support which has been so heartily accorded our denominational monthly in the past. It is gratifying to find that an exclusively Canadian periodical like this has won such warm commendation from the

higher periodicals both in Great Britain and the United States. If the material support necessary to warrant such a large expenditure be but vouchsafed to us, we pledge ourselves for our part to endeavour to make this magazine still more strongly deserving the patronage of every loyal Canadian, especially of every Methodist. We do not often print expressions of opinions which reach us, but we make an exception in the case of the following from a Presbyterian minister in Cape Breton:

"It is not often one has the opportunity of reading, in a religious magazine, two such very excellent and pathetic stories (in part), as appeared in recent numbers. I shall, though a Presbyterian, subscribe for what I really must call every-way the best magazine I have ever had the pleasure of reading, and I shall endeavour to introduce it here, where we have quite a few of your ever-devotional people."

Ladies' Colleges.

Just thirty years ago the first Ladies' College under Methodist influence was commenced in Canada. A few noble ministers and laymen, chiefly in Hamilton, inaugurated the institution which continues to be known as The Wesleyan Ladies' College. Of the honoured ministers who were its first directors, all have gone to their reward except the Rev. Geo. Douglas, D.D., LL.D., Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

This pioneer college for the higher education of young women attracted much attention. It has sent out a large number of accomplished young ladies, who are making many homes happier and brighter both in Canada and the United States. Its graduates, exclusive of those of music and art, number more than 300. Some have taken a high position as teachers, others a University course. The pupils attending last year numbered 140, and the graduating class was one of the largest in its history.

Ontario Ladies' College, established at Whitby, was commenced some years later than Hamilton. It has done good work. Its curriculum for graduation is an excellent outline of a liberal education. Special attention is paid to music and art. For the most part the attendance has usually been as great as could be accommodated. Owing to its heavy debt, no dividend has been paid to the stockholders. An agent has been sent out to secure additional stock, so that the burdensome debt may be removed and increased accommodation may be provided.

Alma College, situated at St. Thomas, is a monument of honour to the industry and self-denial of the ministers and laymen of the late Methodist Episcopal Church, by whom it was established. It is the property of the Church and has had a successful career. High hopes are entertained for its future prosperity. Some of its graduates have greatly distinguished themselves in various walks of life. A few are occupying honourable posts in the foreign mission-field; the same may be said respecting some of the graduates of the Ladies' College, Hamilton. Alma had the largest attendance last year of any of the ladies' colleges. Its situation is charming. It has no other competitor within many miles. For some years increased accommodation has been in great demand, but the large debt has prevented any enlargement being made. An agent has taken the field, and it is hoped that the most sanguine expectations of its directors will be realized.

Since the Methodists inaugurated Ladies' Colleges, other denominations have followed the example, so that at present there are at least, in all, a dozen such institutions, where thirty years ago there was not one. The high-schools and collegiate institutes, as well as the universities, have also opened their doors more widely for ladies, so that they have become powerful competitors with the colleges for lady pupils. Under these circumstances, it is no marvel that those who were first in the field should not have such a large attendance as formerly filled their halls and class-rooms.

We commend these institutions to the patronage of our readers, and we heartily wish them abundant success.—E. B.

Women in Church Work.

No one can observe the signs of the times without noting the great prominence now given to women in Church life and Church work. In one week, recently, three great denominations in the United States took an advanced step in recognizing their right to fellowship in Christian service. "The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church," says the *Independent*, "practically interpreted its constitution favourably to them; the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church voted to admit them; and the Cumberland Presbyterian Assembly declared them eligible to the ruling eldership."

We wish that the action of the General Conference of the United States had admitted women to membership in that body by a direct vote on that issue instead of practically securing the same end by a sort of side wind. According to the recent legislation which declares that the word "layman" includes women as well as men, it will now require a two-thirds vote of the church to exclude them from the General Conference instead of requiring a two-thirds vote to admit them. Woman's work, as exemplified by the splendid achievements of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Woman's Missionary Society, and the Deaconess Institutions in the different Churches, is so beneficent and successful that we greatly desire that every step towards her further enfranchisement in Christian labour shall be with a hearty and generous concurrence of the whole Church. We are glad to observe that at the recent Conferences of our own Church, representatives of the Woman's Missionary Society, which has had a marvellous development among us, and of the Woman's Temperance Societies, have been accorded a generous hearing upon the platform, and many brethren have testified to the helpfulness of these societies in up-building the kingdom of our common Master and Lord. We are glad to observe, also, that in some cases women have been appointed to take part in the missionary deputations. None who have been present at the meetings of the Woman's Missionary Society of our Church will doubt that their presence will lend a new interest to the cause of missions in this centennial year of missionary enterprise.

A Hopeful View of Theology.

In these troublous days of the revival of heresy-hunting, few people take a more sensible and calm stand on "The Outlook of Theology" than does Dr. Charles F. Deems, in the *Homiletic Review*. He sees in theology a science which differs from other sciences in that it embraces them all. And since they are all a part of theology, no single discovery can be made in any modest branch of any of them without contributing its little quota to the all-including science. With this beginning the writer must, of course, admit the constant change and progression of theology, and, in fact, he not only admits but asserts and emphasizes its living growth.

In regard to the older Bible, Dr. Deems sees an increasing "disposition to accept the development theory, which accounts for all the processes in nature, not as *coming out*, but as *brought out;* not as the product of automatic action of soulless matter, but at first put into matter by a Creator, and then drawn out under His instant and constant support and supervision. The effect of this movement in natural theology is good every way. It not only leaves science free, but stimulates scientific research. It gives consistency to all intellectual effort in this department, and is a clue to a labyrinth which we should otherwise have to explore by groping. It gives vividness, lifeness, so to speak, to human study."

Nor need Christian folk give way to fearful apprehensions at the criticism of old or new parts of the Bible. Let the scientist yearn for a spectrum analysis of the cloud which Israel followed; the existence of a Jehovah who sent the cloud will not be impeached. If there be aught of Divinity in the Bible no criticism can

lessen it. "Whether the corpuscular or vibratory theory of light be maintained, light is all the same. Theories of inspiration may vary ; but if there be a God-power in a book, or in a cloud, or in an ark, *men will feel it.*"

Dr. Deems points to recent examples of tolerance toward different theories in regard to inspiration, the tendency in these sects, which have not always been tolerant, to accept, passively at least, theories of divine authorship quite different from their own tenets. "The scholars in the Wesleyan body in England have perhaps brought theology to a more reasonable form, to a more judicious union of what are called Arminianism and Calvinism, and to greater consistency with the Bible, than any other body of Christian thinkers."—*The Review of Reviews.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

It was the privilege of the present writer to attend the Montreal, Bay of Quinte, and Toronto Conferences in succession. The first named was held at Pembroke.

All the conferences have much in common. There is always more or less changes in the *personnel*, but in Montreal the number of deaths was larger than in any other conference. Ten beloved brethren had finished their course, eight of whom were superannuates. This was an unusual mortality, but their deaths illustrate the well known saying of John Wesley: "Our people die well."

The honoured presidents of Montreal and Bay of Quinte Conferences were formerly connected with the Methodist Episcopal and Bible Christian Churches, respectively, while the retiring presidents, both of Montreal and Toronto Conferences, like the present writer, were formerly Primitive Methodists. Nor is this the first time that such pleasing incidents have occurred.

The following is the list of presidents and secretaries of the various conferences: Toronto, G. J. Bishop, R. N. Burns, B.A. ; London, J. G. Scott, W. J. Ford, LL.B. ; Niagara, D. G. Sutherland, LL.B., D.D., R. G. Elliott; Guelph, Jno. Scott, M.A., A. Cunningham ; Bay of Quinte, E. Roberts, E. N. Baker, M.A., B.D. ; Montreal, W. H. Graham, W. Philp, B.A., B.D. ; Manitoba, J. Semmens, J. McLean, M.A., Ph.D. ; British Columbia, J. H. White, C. M. Tate.

As might be expected, Manitoba Conference reports the largest increase in the membership, as there has been an unusually large emigration from Ontario and Quebec. In the conferences now reported, there is a net increase of nearly 4,000 members.

Nearly seventy candidates for the ministry were reported, and a considerable number were allowed to travel under chairmen. In the various conferences, more than fifty were reported as being received into full connection and ordained, and about sixty were granted permission to attend college.

There had been loud complaints about the scarcity of money, yet every conference reported an increase in the total receipts for all purposes. The largest item of increase was in the amount of Ministerial Support. Some of the connexional funds need a larger increase of income, especially the Sustentation and Contingent.

The services held at the various conferences for the advancement of

holiness were seasons of great spiritual refreshing, and augured well for the future growth of the Church.

The memorial services at those conferences in which so many had fallen at their post were affecting seasons. Great pleasure was felt at the number of ministers' sons who are following in the footsteps of their fathers.

The question of education was prominent in all the conferences. A scheme was launched in Montreal to raise $50,000 for Wesleyan Theological College, and as usual the ministers present subscribed a large amount. An agent is also assigned to Bay of Quinte Conference to raise $25,000 to wipe out the debt on Albert College. A college is to be established in British Columbia, and new buildings are wanted at Winnipeg.

Temperance as usual was much discussed, deputations from the Dominion Alliance, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, attended most of the conferences. Enthusiastic addresses were delivered, strong resolutions were adopted, and prohibition seemed to be the popular cry.

According to request of Sir Joseph Pease, of the British House of Commons, who wants the moral support of all Christian Churches to aid him in his struggle in parliament against the opium trade, all the conferences passed strong resolutions against that iniquitous business which has demoralized and ruined so many thousands both in India and China, and that too by British sanction and authority.

Methodism is aggressive and missionary in its character; to spread Scriptural holiness is its special business. The income of the Missionary Society is gradually increasing. The Woman's Missionary Society continues to do efficient work. Lady delegations addressed most of the conferences. At the public meeting of the Montreal Conference, which was addressed by one of the ladies, the President called for testimonies from the ministers respecting woman's work in their respective localities, and soon several ministers testified that they had experienced great benefit from the labours of the select sisters. At Napanee, the Rev. E. S. Shorey selected a lady as a member of his missionary delegation, with good results. Doubtless the talents of the fair sex will be called into more extensive service as the utility becomes more apparent. This will be still more manifest as the deaconess movement becomes better understood.

The reports from the Book Room and editorial departments were, as usual, full of interest. Dr. Briggs always can present even dry statistics in a lively manner, which never fails to delight his hearers. He gratified the conferences abundantly when he said that notwithstanding the depressed state of trade, the amount of profits was $22,000, which enabled the Book Committee to grant $6,500 to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, the largest amount ever appropriated.

The publications issuing from the press are indeed "legion;" still every year the number increases, some think too rapidly. When periodicals are published at a loss, somebody suffers. This is a day when societies are increasing with amazing rapidity, and every society wishes to have its own organ, which necessarily entails expense, which every faithful custodian of Church funds is bound to conserve, though to do so may subject them to unpleasant criticism. A Church organ is called for in Manitoba, which will doubtless secure extensive patronage in that rapidly growing province.

Several visiting brethren attended the conferences. Dr. Douglas is always welcome. After attending his own conference at Pembroke, he journeyed westward and tarried at Port Hope, Bay of Quinte Conference, where he preached the ordination sermon; then to Niagara Conference, which assembled at Tilsonburg, where he delivered an address on public questions which produced a wonderful sensation, and furnished several writers of the press with themes for discussion. Dr. A. Sutherland preached the ordination sermon at the London Conference.

Professor Shaw, of Montreal, after

delivering the theological lecture at Pembroke, went to Guelph Conference, and took part in the educational anniversary. Chancellor Burwash preached at Guelph, and spoke on educational matters both at Bay of Quinte and Toronto Conferences. Dr. Briggs preached at Niagara Conference, remained a few days at his own conference, and then went to England, on important business connected with the Book Room. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, made brief visits to some of the Western Conferences. His address at Toronto was one of the most powerful to which we ever listened. It was exceedingly *apropos*. He then went to the maritime provinces, where he will remain for some time.

The lectures delivered in connection with the various Conference Theological Unions were highly commended. We heard those of Dr. Parker on Amos, and Professor Shaw on Liberal Theology, and we consider them both of great merit.

Another new church has been dedicated at Toronto. This is the outcome of the labours of Rev. J. McD. Kerr, on Crawford Street.

The corner-stone of a new church was recently laid at Enterprise. The cost will be about $5,000.

A pleasant incident occurred at Bay of Quinte Conference, viz. : the presentation of a cane made from the first Methodist church built in Canada, to be handed down to the succeeding presidents.

Eastern Conferences.

Nova Scotia Conference was held at Lunenburg. Rev. W. Ryan was elected president, and Dr. Johnston, secretary.

The venerable Father Richard Smith preached a jubilee sermon, Father Bent, another venerated member of conference, eighty-six years of age, also sat in the pulpit. Only one minister had died, Rev. George Johnston, at the ripe age of eighty-three. He was forty years in the active work.

The anniversaries were numerously attended. One new domestic mission was formed. The Book Room report was encouraging, inasmuch as the profits amount to $900, and the receipts for the *Wesleyan* were $5,500. There is an increase of income also to the Superannuation Fund, but the claimants only receive eighty per cent. of their claim. Educational affairs contained several gratifying features; 309 students had been in attendance at Mount Allison during the year. Professor Andrews is working hard to get $100,000 for college purposes, though he wants $250,000. He has succeeded in getting $7,000.

Mr. David Herd has been employed as evangelist, and has been so successful that he will be employed another year.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference met at Charlottetown. Rev. E. Slackford was elected president, and James Crisp secretary. There is an increase of 174 members in society. The attendance of Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, at the two conferences in the East was greatly appreciated. His sermons and addresses were of an edifying and powerful character.

Primitive Methodist.

The conference met at Norwich, where there are five places of worship belonging to the denomination. A new feature in the conference services was a college meeting, at which Dr. Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford, and our own Dr. Potts took part. W. P. Hartley, Esq., a wealthy layman, presided. He contributes liberally to all connexional funds and takes a deep interest especially in missions and ministerial education. He has agreed to pay the salary of a tutor at the college for five years, and also pay the fees of all students who remain at college three years.

Next year will be the jubilee of the Missionary Society and it is proposed to raise $50,000, towards which Mr. Hartley has promised $5,000.

Fifteen ministers died during the year; eleven others were made superannuates. Seventy-six candidates for the ministry were received.

Dr. Potts, the Canadian representative, delivered an eloquent address, which was received with rapturous applause. It was brim full of facts and incidents relating to Methodism in Canada.

Methodist New Connexion.

The conference met at Ashton. Rev. J. C. Milburn was elected president, and Rev. David Heath secretary. Just as the conference opened, the sad intelligence was communicated that the Rev. G. H. M. Innocent, who was returning to China with his English bride, had died at Hong Kong. He was a young man of great promise. It was a remarkable coincidence, that at the last Ashton Conference, the Rev. W. N. Hall, also of China, had passed to his reward. Five young men were received into full connection.

Recent Deaths.

Dr. Mendenhall was the gifted editor of the *Methodist Review* of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He attended the late general conference at Omaha and was elected for a second term to the *Review*, but before he reached his home in New York, he was not, for God took him. The Doctor was not an old man, and still he had crowded a great amount of work into a comparatively small number of years. As a scholar he was in the first rank, and was a keen Biblical critic. He travelled extensively in foreign lands, and published an interesting volume detailing his journeys. His studies in German literature caused him to have no sympathy with rationalism, which has become so prevalent in these times, hence he dealt trenchant blows against everything which he conceived to be in opposition to the leading truths of the Gospel. For the last few years he has been one of the most zealous advocates of the old theology.

Ephraim Evans, D.D. This grand man died in London at the age of eighty-nine. He was a native of England, but came to Canada at an early age and entered the Methodist ministry in 1827. At the time of his death he was the oldest minister in Canadian Methodism. He was emphatically of the old school, and had no liking for those who were given to change. Though he received what might be termed a good education in his youth, he was really a self-taught man, and was well-read in various branches of learning. His sermons were always of a high order, but at times he was exceedingly prolix and would not have done for these modern times. One of his colleagues says he once knew him to preach one hour and twenty minutes and then say: "Well friends, you must bear with my infirmity," and then went on for twenty minutes longer, after which he baptized thirty-two children, and no one left before the benediction. Dr. Evans served the Church and his generation well. He was often chairman of districts, then co-delegate, the first agent of Victoria College, then the editor of *The Christian Guardian*, founder of Methodism in British Columbia, and lastly Superintendent of the Indian Mission, Muncey. For some years he was superannuated, but acted as secretary and agent for the Bible Society, London, until the infirmities of age compelled him to seek retirement before being called to his eternal home. Dr. Evans was a good man, a true friend, a Christian gentleman, and now, we doubt not that he has entered into rest.

A. Kirkland, Primitive Methodist, England, died last April. He was one of the pioneers, having entered the ministry in 1837. He was a good man, an earnest preacher, a faithful pastor, through whom many were brought to a knowledge of the truth. He distinguished himself by labouring earnestly in the temperance cause.

The venerable William Williams, of the British Wesleyan Conference, has joined the great majority. He entered the ministry in 1833, and for many years he occupied a prominent position in the ministerial ranks. A good man, greatly beloved. He died in great peace.

Book Notices.

A Moral Crusader—William Lloyd Garrison. A Biographical Essay founded on the story of Garrison's life as told by his children. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

In the story of the great Liberator, Dr. Goldwin Smith has found a congenial theme. In the learned Professor, the anti-slavery hero has found a brilliant biographer. There is not much of stirring incident in the life of Garrison. It was one of a long struggle with penury and hardship. Worse than orphaned by the desertion of a drunken father, young Garrison was trained in piety by a godly mother. The story of his life has been so recently recorded in these pages as to make unnecessary a detailed account here.

Dr. Smith calls attention chiefly to his life-long labours in moral reform. The *Liberator* newspaper, Garrison's potent weapon of assault on the ramparts of slavery, was started without a dollar of capital, printed with borrowed type, and the editor announced his determination to go on as long as he had bread and water to live on. For thirty-five years of unremitting toil he laboured on without a farthing of pecuniary reward.

His office was an obscure hole, his only auxiliary a negro boy, and for lack of better lodging, the sturdy editor slept beside his press.

Robbed, mobbed, beaten, and persecuted, "no man," says his biographer, "ever bore witness more bravely, or with greater sacrifice to the brotherhood of man, which is the foundation of the Christian religion."

Far happier than most reformers, he lived to see the great work to which he gave his life, achieved in the destruction of slavery. The following is his pæan of thanksgiving at the close of his protracted labours: "Rejoice, and give praise and glory to God, ye who have so long and so untiringly participated in all the trials and vicissitudes of that mighty conflict! having sown in tears now reap in joy. Hail, redeemed, regenerated America! Hail, ye ransomed millions, no more to be chained, scourged, mutilated, bought and sold in the market, robbed of all rights, hunted as partridges upon the mountains in your flight to obtain deliverance from the house of bondage, branded and scorned as a connecting link between the human race and the brute creation! Hail, all nations, tribes, kindreds, and peoples, 'made of one blood,' interested in a common redemption, heirs of the same immortal destiny! Hail, angels in glory and spirits of the just made perfect, and tune your harps anew, singing, 'great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints! Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name? for Thou only art holy; for all nations shall come and worship before Thee: for Thy judgments are made manifest.'"

His friend and colleague, Lowell, pays Garrison worthy tribute in a fine poem from which we take two stanzas:

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types, one poor unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnitured, and mean;
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

O truth! O freedom! how are you still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendours of the new day burst!"

Experience of a Backwoods Preacher. By Rev. Joseph H. Hilts. Illustrated. Toronto: The Methodist Book and Publishing House. Price $1.25.

This is a charming book which should be found in every Methodist family, and no Methodist Sunday-school library is complete without it. The young people of Methodism do not know as much respecting the hardships of the early Methodist preachers as they should. This book will supply the lack. It is full of facts which excite the wonder of the reader, and lead him to read chapter after chapter; and before he is aware he has reached the end, so absorbing is the book.

Mr. Hilts has done well to write this story. Books to be popular must be both grave and gay, and we can assure our readers that this is the character of Mr. Hilts' book. The Epworth League young people who wish to become acquainted with early Methodism should study these records, and they will see what a rich heritage has been handed down to them.

How lamentable is the fact that Intemperance has always proved itself to be an insurmountable obstacle in the way of the progress of all that is good. The author gives a little of his experience with this monster, which is very pathetic.

The book contains 17 chapters. The following are some of the titles: "Going to Conference," "Changing Locations," "Camp Meetings," "Floods and Bridges," "Storms and Snowdrifts," "Traces of the Traffic," "Fighting the Dragon," "At Weddings," "Doctors and Doctoring," etc.

"Traces of the Traffic" gives an account of thirty-six persons whom the author knew who were ruined through drink, and yet he could have referred to many more had he been disposed to do so. Well does he ask: "Where does the responsibility rest?" "Can all the blame be thrown on the unfortunates themselves, and on their destroyers, the liquor-sellers? No, not all. The man who upholds the traffic, by vote or otherwise, will have to bear a share."

We earnestly ask the readers of this magazine to purchase a copy for their own, as well as the author's, benefit.—E. B.

The People's Bible; Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., London. Vol. XVI., Jeremiah XX.—Daniel. Octavo, 456 pp., cloth, $1.50. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This volume completes the discourses upon the Book of the prophet Jeremiah, begun in the previous volume, and interprets in the same lucid and exhaustive style, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the Book of the prophet Ezekiel, and the Book of Daniel. The distinguished author takes each salient subject in turn as his text, expounds doctrine, draws the moral from incident, interprets for the ordinary man hard passages, and lightens up the dark places of these mysterious writings.

The books treated are full of the wisdom of righteousness, the poetry of pathos, the power of godlike example, and the enlightenment of divine revelation; and it is not too much to say that Dr. Parker has risen to the occasion, receiving an inspiration from contact with the prophets, and has done his work well.

As in the previous volumes, these homilies are supplemented by a liberal number of articles, entitled, "Handfuls of Purpose," drawn from the texts and topics, and which are especially prepared for the use of teachers. The language of the book is choice, the grasp broad, and the spirit reverential.

Ethical Teachings in Old English Literature. By Theodore W. Hunt, Ph.D., Litt.D. Cloth, 12mo, 384 pp. $1.25. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

In this discussion of Old English books and authors, Professor Hunt seeks to emphasize, in every legiti-

mate way, that distinctively devout and Christian spirit which he has so clearly discerned in his study of these earlier eras. Special stress is also laid upon the fact that, in the teachings and influence of these older writers, those truths were established and diffused which went far to undermine the firmly-rooted principles of the Papacy, and to open the way, in part, at least, for the great Elizabethan Reformation on behalf of English Protestantism.

The titles of the articles afford ample evidence of the decided interest and value of the learned professor's book :

Cædmon's Scriptural Paraphrase ; The Bible and the Homily in Old English ; Venerable Bede, the Old English Church Historian ; The Ethical Spirit of Chaucer's writings ; William Caxton, the Old English Printer ; Hugh Latimer, the Homilist ; Old English Saws and Proverbs ; The Church and the School in Old England ; John Wycliffe, English Reformer and Translator ; Sir John Mandeville, the Palestinian Traveller ; John Gower, an old English Patriot and Reformer ; William Tyndale and his Christian Work ; Roger Ascham, or English Old and New, etc.

John G. Whittier, the Poet of Freedom. By Wm. Sloane Kennedy. Cloth, 12mo, 330 pp. With portrait, $1.50. New York, London, and Toronto : Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is an entertaining and instructive book, full of history and interspersed with quotations from the poems and ballads of Whittier. The full story of the part Whittier played in the anti-slavery movement is here set down for the first time in book form.

Many interesting and unexpected things were ploughed up during the author's researches into such subjects as the mobbings in which Whittier was a sufferer. The following titles of chapters will indicate the range of the volume : "On the Farm," "The Anti-Slavery Contest," "Whittier at Home," "Friendship and Opinions," "Telling the Bees, and other Ballads," "Stories in Rhyme."

To read this biography is like sauntering through a romantic country, some land like that through which the castled Rhine meanders, with history looking down at you over the shoulder of each hill, and with a romance in every ripple of the river. It should find a place in all family or circulating libraries. The "Poet of Freedom" still lives ; and though he die, he must still live on dearer than ever in the literature, memories, and hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

Biblical Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Leipzig. Authorized translation from the third edition. By the Rev. James Denny, B.D. In two volumes. Volume II., 8vo, cloth, 496 pp. $2.50. New York, Toronto, and London : Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The volume just issued of this masterful commentary completes the work. The first volume was well received, and called forth strong commendations from the religious press and students in theology. Indeed the name of Delitzsch was sufficient to warrant that. The Prophecies of Isaiah have always held a foremost place among the sacred Books, and the scholars of the Church have given to them the most devout consideration and enlightened investigation. This commentary takes immediate rank among the greatest studies of the Messianic prophet. If you have not the first volume, you should send for it.

My Cross and Thine. By John M. Bamford. Illustrated with original sketches by the author. London : Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto : William Briggs.

Many of our readers have followed with intense interest Mr. Bamford's strikingly original allegories, "Elias Power," "John Conscience," "Father Fervent" and other books in which his marked ability is exhibited. This book is in rather a

different vein. It is the result of a period of enforced leisure through ill-health, and consists of a series of rural meditations after the fashion of A. H. K. Boyd's books. They exhibit a fine sympathy with nature and an ever-ready deduction of spiritual truths from material phenomena. He shows himself an artist with his pencil as well as with his pen, for his book is embellished with half a score of elegant illustrations, chiefly of Welsh rural scenery. It is elegantly printed with red border and red edges.

The Larger Christ. By the Rev. Geo. D. Herron. Price 75c. Chicago and New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

More and more the Matchless Life is commanding the homage of mankind, and this not merely as an ethical study, but under the aspect of applied Christianity. In a sympathetic introduction the Rev. Dr. Strong shows that Christ came, not merely to increase the census of heaven, but to improve the status of earth's righteousness; that He came as the Saviour of society and of the State, as the Redeemer of the whole world as well as of the individual. The book will be found stimulating and inspiring in every page.

Israel, a Prince with God; The Story of Jacob Retold. By F. B. Meyer, B.A. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mr. Meyer was a successful London preacher, prominent in forward movements in that city, and was by invitation of Mr. Moody one of the most conspicuous figures at the recent Northfield Conference. The great revivalist thus expresses his views of Mr. Meyer's character:

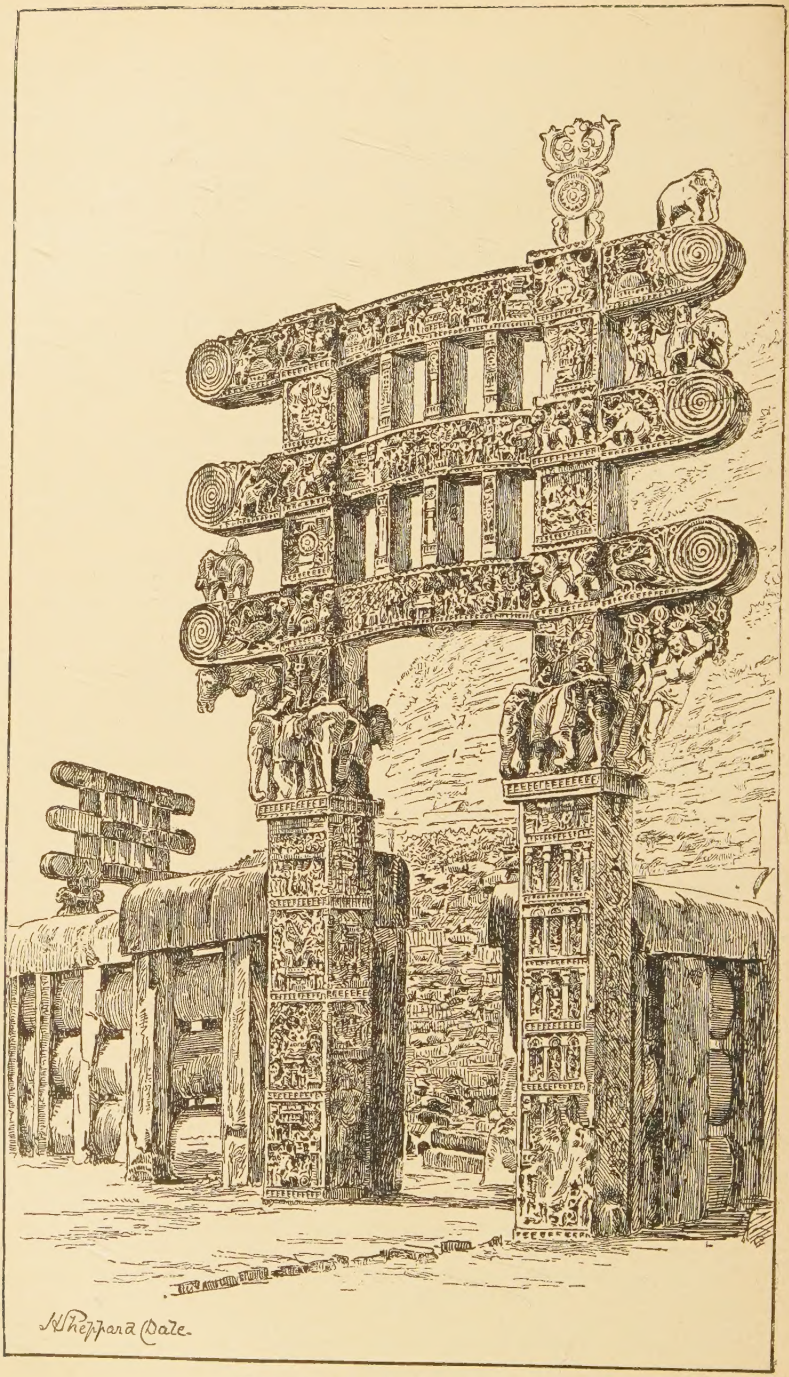
"Few books of recent years are better adapted to instruct and help Christians than those of this author. He is a man 'mighty in the Scriptures,' saturated with Bible facts and truths, and possessed with a yearning desire to help others."

Ruth the Gleaner, and Esther the Queen. By Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

The accomplished pastor of Broadway Tabernacle needs no introduction to the reading public. His books of Bible studies—"Daniel," "David," "Joseph," "Elijah," "Peter," "Moses" and "Paul"—have had a vast sale. In the present volume the same characteristic of spiritual insight, sympathetic feeling and practical instruction are manifest. The two characters presented are of profound interest—the Gentile widow, in the midst of Jewish surroundings, and the Jewish orphan in a Gentile city. We do not wonder at the hold which Dr. Taylor has upon his congregation. These seem to us admirable specimens of biblical expository study.

The Forum of July, 1892. New York: "The Forum" Publishing Company. Price $5.00 a year.

A special note of *The Forum* is the up-to-date character of its contributions. These are secured, not by waiting for articles to come to hand, but by soliciting from experts in their various lines discussions of living issues. For instance, the current number has two timely papers on the candidates for the Presidency; one a eulogy of Mr. Harrison's administration, by Senator Hawley, and one a discussion of Mr. Cleveland's claims, by Charles Francis Abbott. Another timely paper is that by Geo. W. Cable, "Does the Negro Pay for his Education?" Rodger Sherman discusses "The Standard Oil Trust; or, the Gospel of Greed." W. C. Edgar writes from personal observation on "Russia's Land System the Cause of the Famine." Colonel Dodge writes on European Armies, and argues from their mass and perfection that no nation would venture to precipitate a continental war. A review of some of Thomas Hardy's novels; a tariff paper, and other timely papers make up an admirable number.



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